

# THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

MARCH, 1824.

No. 3.

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*On perusing the last number of this Magazine, after publication, it was with much pain that the editor perceived the typographical errors it contains. His readers, he trusts, will receive as an apology, the assurance that the month was considerably elapsed before any of the work went to press; and that, for the purpose of preserving punctuality in respect to the time of its appearance, it was printed with a haste altogether unsuited to a careful revision of the proofs. The causes of the delay alluded to, were incidental to the infancy of the establishment, and such as it is hoped will not again occur.*

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## NOVELS WITHOUT PLOTS.

There is, perhaps, nothing from which a bad taste in literature is so apt to arise, as the respect so generally paid to the faults of popular writers. Indiscriminating critics are too ready to look upon popularity as a criterion of uniform excellence, whereas it is only a proof of excellence in some attractive particulars. Hence the blemishes of good writers, although they can be sanctioned by neither natural feeling nor good sense, often become canonized by superficial reviewers, tolerated by light and desultory readers, and, what is worse, imitated by writers of inferior talents, who finding it easier to commit faults than produce beauties, gladly avail themselves of any fashion that may arise in favour of bad writing.

These inferior authors, conscious that on the prevalence of bad taste alone, whatever success their productions may meet with, depends, industriously exert themselves in trumpeting the infallibility of the writer they select as their model, and in making every effort to convert even his errors, into perfections; nay, it is his errors, that they, and those over whom they have

any influence, are particularly careful to applaud. They entitle them improvements in literature, and hold them forth as marks of a mighty genius which disdains to be limited in its career, by the ordinary laws of propriety and good writing. In this manner, inattention is characterized as a manly assertion of literary freedom, slovenliness of composition is termed ease, and impropriety of thinking and expression dignified with the title of bold originality.

Thus it becomes the peculiar lot of a successful writer, never to commit a fault. He has obtained a name, and that is enough. He may be as absurd as he pleases ; he may blunder on through whole tomes of nonsense and insipidity ; and although every page he writes, should be loaded with absurdities as thick and glaring as clouds on a mountain's brow, no one will be hardy enough to accuse him of a single mistake. The popular voice being at first, perhaps *accidentally*, excited in his favour by some real or imagined excellence, is kept up by the industry of the small authors, who have their own ends to answer by the corruption of the public taste. Having thus become a model of literary excellence, he continues writing with as much carelessness and impunity, as a caressed and spoiled child displays stubbornness and commits mischief. Every expression, good or bad, that he utters, is noted by the deluded parents as something clever, and quoted triumphantly as a decisive proof of uncommon genius. In vain, do less prejudiced people at first whisper doubts on the subject. If they do, they are immediately accused of jealousy and envy at hearing the praises of another. They soon become silent, not wishing to expose themselves to such a charge. Many at length, begin to doubt the correctness of their own judgment, and believe it their duty to yield acquiescence in the justice of praises so often repeated, however much their own unbiased views of the matter may tell them they are unfounded.

It is by this process, that new fashions in literature, unsanctioned by either nature, feeling or reason, are established, and enabled to keep their footing for a time, until some other whim happens to seize the public mind. Every deformity becomes then apparent, neglect follows, and the new favourite, in his turn, reigns for a season, lord of the ascendant.



There is a species of excellence, however, the approbation of which is not induced by any compliance with temporary fashion, but arises from the unpervverted feelings of our nature, and is sanctioned by the spontaneous exercise of our individual judgments on the subject of right and wrong. This description of excellence may not, at its first appearance, have the aid of any interested faction, or cabal, to blazon its claims to admiration. Hence it may not become suddenly popular; but, like the immortal poem of Milton, it will soon gain, silently perhaps, but unchangeably, the favour of the discerning and the candid; and, in the end, work its way, in spite of all obstacles, to universal and interminable fame.

This is the species of literary excellence which true genius alone can produce, and which will always command applause from the unprejudiced and intelligent portion of mankind. This excellence constitutes the quality which should be exclusively called *classical*. It is characterized more by accuracy of thinking and expression, than by eccentricity, novelty or pungency. It is always consistent with its purposes, and faithful to its promise. It never gives poetry for prose, nor prose for poetry, as is the present fashion. It gives not lectures on politics and the belles-lettres, when it should give sermons, like the Caledonian preacher of Hatton Garden; nor does it substitute bathos and rodomontade, for eloquence and persuasion, in congressional speeches, like some of our present representatives. In criticism, it does not, like most of the reviewers of these times, mistake popularity for perfection; and, in consequence, applaud where it should condemn, and condemn where it should applaud. We shall also add, that it does not write novels without stories, nor contrive stories without plots.

The strange phenomenon in literary taste, on which we animadverted in the first article of our last number, namely, the preference given to the coarseness of Byron's verses over the harmonious poetry of Pope, can be accounted for only by a consideration of the influence exerted on the public mind by those interested in getting up a fashion in favour of bad versification. In the same way only, can we account for the faults of the Waverly author being looked upon as instances of excellence in

novel-writing. One of the most palpable of those faults, is the want of contrivance and proper finish, in the construction of many of his stories. He, indeed, avows that his chief object in writing his *narrative dramas* (for this would seem to us to be their most appropriate appellation,) is to portray characters, rather than to unfold plots. In this design he has so perfectly succeeded, that we know no writer, with, perhaps the exception of Shakspeare, whom he has not surpassed. Notwithstanding this, we must be permitted to say, that as *novels*, we do not recollect one of his numerous productions, that we should recommend as a model in that species of literature; for either in the construction, or winding up of each of his stories, some deficiency is always discoverable, at which every reader must feel more or less dissatisfied. We know that there are abundance of isolated and detached beauties to atone for these deficiencies. If it were not so, neither the efforts of the witlings, nor the caprice of fashion, could long support the writer in the enviable eminence to which it has arisen amongst authors.

It is this eminence of the author of *Waverly*, however, that seems to have given rise to the opinion now so prevalent, that a well constructed plot is not essential to the formation of a good novel, although this author himself, in one of his earlier prefaces, expresses a different opinion, and acknowledges that he adhered chiefly to the delineation of character, after having attempted in vain to combine that species of writing, (which he found most suited to his genius,) with the formation of a perfect plot. It is evident, therefore, that he considers his novels to be imperfect, in so far as their plots are defective.

The imitators of this great writer, however, and they are now pretty numerous, seem to think, that in order to produce a good novel, nothing more is requisite, than to exclude from it all unity of story, and to make some attempt at sketching a series of unconnected scenes, and at daubing over, perhaps a half dozen of strange characters, who must in no respect resemble any of the descendants of Adam and Eve, least they should lose their pretensions to originality.

But these imitators of *Waverly*, and the reviewers who coincide with them, ought to remember, since the defence of their



doctrine is altogether founded on the successful example of the Great Unknown, that, in atonement for his defective plots, he has imbued his works with innumerable beauties inimitable by other writers, and sufficiently attractive to make the most fastidious reader overlook the deformities of his ill-contrived plots. Singularity of incident, perplexity of situation, graphic painting of scenery and action, discriminating individuality of character, correct and animated force of dramatic dialogue, vivacity of narration, and a constant flow of easy, nervous and perspicuous language, are the united charms to be found in rich abundance in the Waverly works. It is to these that they owe the attractions in which they surpass all other literary productions of the day, and by which they enchain the reader to their pages, in spite of their defective plots—their extravagant and unnatural Fenellas, Nornas, and Black Dwarfs,—their occasional neglect of grammatical accuracy and euphony of language, and other minor faults, which no body but a pedant would stop to notice amidst the blaze of their innumerable beauties.

But the excellencies of this writer, numerous as they are, ought not to render us blind admirers of his imperfections. At all events, we must protest against his imperfections being accounted beauties, and exhibited to the world as specimens of excellence in novel writing, and models for imitation to all who aspire at eminence in that pursuit.

Before the appearance of the Waverly productions, no one was ever heard to maintain that an interesting story, embracing a well arranged and well conducted plot, was not essential to the formation of a good novel. It is not more than half a generation since the only opinion on this subject, which any man of letters would have thought of asserting to be orthodox, was, that a good novel, like a good epic poem, ought to possess a unity of plot, a beginning, a middle, and an end, which should carry the hero and heroine, through a variety of interesting and perplexing adventures, from which the reader should, at last, feel both relieved and rejoiced to find them delivered. In conformity with this doctrine, Dr. Blair eulogized the novel of Tom Jones, chiefly on account of the artful manner in which

all the incidents are made to contribute to the winding up of the plot, which gives to the whole story, a unity and an interest, that must be pleasing to every reader. The mind is kept agitated by the clouds of misfortune that are perpetually thickening round the hero, until he becomes enveloped in the darkest shades of misery; and the reader is almost in despair for his fate, when, all at once, the prospect brightens and the object of solicitude is relieved out of heart-rending distress, by means, which cannot fail to afford delight, both because they are unexpected and surprising, and because they are compatible with the nature of things, and our ideas of justice.

The novel of the Vicar of Wakefield is scarcely inferior to that of Tom Jones, in respect to a perfect story. In some other respects it is perhaps superior, and its popularity is equal to its merits, and will be as lasting as the language of which it forms one of the purest and most classical specimens. We may here observe, that the unity of plot so remarkable in both of these novels, has never, we believe, been objected to them as a blemish. Indeed, before the star of Waverly arose upon the admiring world, with a lustre which has induced mankind to overlook the numerous specks on its disk, no writer of romance ever thought to gain public favour without the aid of an interesting story. To narrate adventures seemed to be the business of a novelist; and no reader ever opened a work professing to be a novel, without expecting to have his curiosity interested by a narrative of connected events tending to the accomplishment of some particular end, or to the bringing about of some catastrophe, to *point a moral* perhaps, or perhaps merely to explain a mystery.

But of late years a class of Waverly imitators, have appeared in the guise of novelists, who, finding themselves unable to invent effective stories, content themselves, sometimes with sketching scenes, and sometimes with drawing characters. These writers think that in so doing, they are taking the shortest road to fortune and literary fame, because they suppose they are following the footsteps of the great novelist. If the defective nature of their plots is objected to them, they or their admirers immediately protest against plots much in the same



manner, and for the same reason, that the Byronians protest against harmony.

“A Plot!” they exclaim—“Surely no one can think a plot necessary to a novel! Such an opinion is by much too old fashioned for the present day. The author of *Waverly* has taught the world better; and has nobly broken the fetters which the necessity of telling a story had imposed on the novelists of older times. Drawing characters, and sketching scenes, are all the qualities, in these indulgent days, necessary for a good novel. Thanks to the *Great Unknown*, who first discovered other means of interesting readers, than by the excitement of curiosity, or the production of alarm and sympathy for the fate of human characters led through a series of affecting and interesting adventures!”

The advocates of *storyless* novels, who in this manner plead the example of the unknown Scottish romancer, seem to forget that his works are not altogether so destitute of plots as they would make us believe. It is true, as we have already observed, the unity of his tales appears to be of less consideration with him than the giving strong colouring to his scenes and characters. But he has always sufficient story to keep alive expectation; and if his catastrophe fails, as it generally does, to give satisfaction, the progress of the narrative seldom fails to excite curiosity and inspire an interest in the result. In contemplating his works, we cannot avoid admiring the entire fabric of even the least finished, although we feel that there is something wanting in its construction to make it what it should be. The particular parts, however, are mostly so perfect as to command our unqualified approbation, and so beautiful that they never fail to atone for both the want of contrivance in adapting them to each other, and the remissness in giving to the edifice, when put together, the proper finish.

But it is surely unreasonable to esteem this want of contrivance, and this remissness in finishing, advantageous to his works, or to cite them as improvements in novel writing. They are blemishes, let inconsiderate critics say as they please, and such considerable ones too, that it frequently requires all the fascination possessed by the separate parts of the productions to neutralize the

disagreeable effects of these blemishes, and save *some* of the novels from utter condemnation. If these imperfections in the construction of the Waverly plots did not exist, is there any one who will be hardy enough to say, that the works would not be more perfect, give more entire satisfaction, and obtain more unanimous applause, than they do? At all events, there can be no greater instance of injudicious criticism, than that of eulogizing the defects of these, or any other works of genius; nor can there be a more absurd fashion in literature, than that of looking upon such defects as models worthy of imitation.

For our parts, we have always thought it dangerous to praise defects, and wrong to imitate them, no matter how great or glorious the original from which they spring. The world will always, one day or other, see the cheat and desist from supporting it. The wry neck of Alexander the Great, and the hunch back of Richard the Third, could not be permanently converted into personal beauties, although flattery for a time rendered them fashionable. In both cases, the world in a few years resumed its primitive taste, and deformity was again declared to be deformity. Such has always been, and always will be, the fate of bad literature. During the reign of bad taste, it may flourish; but bad taste seldom reigns long. The whims of fashion which support it, are formed of slight and brittle materials. They are prone to sudden overthrow; and in their fall the veil which false taste throws over the faults of authors, is torn, and the true marks of distinction between the beauties and blemishes of the same production, are exposed to a fairly judging public, and the just and proper character awarded to each.

There is, indeed, in the human mind, a latent relish for truth and nature, which, although the gale of capricious fashion may occasionally drive it astray, sooner or later, returns to the right path, and, in the end, never fails to attain the goal of correct judgment. Absurd opinions and perverted tastes have sometimes arisen to a perfect mania; but reason has generally detected the error. Mankind have often become ashamed of their conduct; and have retraced their steps from the wilderness of whim and folly, to the more genial regions of reason, nature and propriety.



The annals of the world afford us so many instances of this kind of reformation, that we do not despair of again seeing the day, when a book of adventures will be considered the better for having a story to tell ; when exciting the curiosity by narrating a series of properly continued and connected incidents, and interesting the sympathy by a detail of perils and misfortunes overtaking a favourite and deserving character, from which, at last he is relieved by unexpected but probable means, will be acknowledged as useful at least, if not absolutely necessary, to the formation of a good novel. When this reformation takes place, such books will no longer be misnamed. A series of mere sketches, with scarce a connexion between them, will no longer be called *a tale* : but sketch-books will be sketch-books, and novels will be novels, the former devoted to descriptions, and the latter to narrating adventures, according to the true lexicographical meaning of the words.

But it may be asked, to what misnamed novels do we allude ? Who are the writers of works of this description, whose contents falsify their titles ? No reader of the new school of romances, we should think, need ask these questions. But to such as will ask them, we reply, that we allude to the Galts, the Hoggs, the Lee Gibbons, the Neals, and we regret to say, our justly admired Cooper, and the still more justly admired leader of this school, the Great Unknown.

We wish not to assert that all the works of these novelists are deficient in plots. We know to the contrary ; and if we were to assert it, the Spy of Cooper, Guy Mannering, and a few others of the Unknown, would rise in testimony against us. But we fear not to say that the great majority of the works of these writers, are of the *storyless* kind, and are, therefore, misnamed when they are called novels. That the public have done wrong in patronizing some that are even of this *storyless* kind, we are not so fastidious as to suppose ; a few of them are interesting as sketches of nature and manners, and will fairly enough compensate for the time spent in their perusal. This applies, indeed, but to few of them. The general mass, we would consider to be incumbrances in any judiciously selected library. Indeed we cannot, at this moment, think of any of

the mere sketch-drawing novels, that, we believe, will receive much favour from posterity, except those of the *Great Unknown*, and Mr. Cooper's last performance, the *Pilot*.

We regret that this last mentioned work, which is the best series of marine sketches, we have ever read, should be defective in any particular, especially in one which we conceive so essential to a good novel as that of a well constructed and eventful story. The *Pioneers* is equally destitute of an interesting story; and as it has but few of the redeeming qualities of the *Pilot*, we must confess that its perusal lowered the author extremely in our estimation as a novelist. The *Spy* had greatly exalted our ideas of him, and we expected perhaps too much from the *Pioneers*. However this may be, when the latter work appeared, we felt extremely disappointed. Six hundred pages of dry, minute description, given in a slovenly, unwieldy, and frequently ungrammatical style, was too great a trial on our patience, when we expected an animated and busy tale, abounding with action and passion, as well as with bold and vigorous representations of scenes and characters. We met with two or three good scenes in this work, but we really thought it unkind in Mr. Cooper, to drag us through two ponderous volumes of lifeless description in order to find them. However his *Pilot*, storyless as it is, has reconciled him to us, and we not only forgive him, but we rejoice that he is so likely to receive from the world all that increase of literary reputation to which such a work so justly entitles him.

The *Pilot*, it is true, like every other human production has faults. Of these, as well as its beauties, we intend to take an early occasion to express our opinion more in detail; and we hope we shall do so, as our duty to the public requires, without permitting either partiality or prejudice towards the author to influence our remarks. In the mean time we must say, that much as we now admire the *Pilot*, we should have admired it still more, had its plot been more worthy of praise. We hope that in his next novel, Mr. Cooper will join to his admirable manner of describing scenes and characters, a story which will possess all the advantage of unity of plot and variety of incident. By so doing, he may rely on it, that, justly popular as



he now is, he will become still more so—he will interest more readers and satisfy more critics than he now does, for he will produce what the author of *Waverly* has produced only in the instance of *Guy Mannering*—a novel *almost* perfect.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Annals of the Late War.

“Methinks I hear the sound of times long past  
Still murmuring o’er us”

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### BURNING OF WASHINGTON.....A FRAGMENT.

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That day I’ll ne’er forget!.....*The Raid of Reidswire.*

—— with a spirit that had much out-grown

The number of his years.....*MAID’S TRAGEDY.—Beaumont and Fletcher.*

RANDOLPH took the sword, and as with a countenance charged with youthful enthusiasm, he held it in his hand, proving its weight, and measuring its length, he said: (addressing himself to his crippled and aged sire) “May this weapon, my dear father, which when wielded by your well nerved arm, like Heaven’s lightning, brought destruction wherever it struck upon the invaders of our country, fall now as deadly, when drawn by me!” “My dearest Randolph;” cried the anxious and doating mother, her eyes humid with tears, as she beheld the youthful soldier, accoutring himself for battle; “do not, do not, dwell so much upon this subject; every word you speak concerning the war, is like a sharp instrument piercing my heart.” “Forgive your thoughtless son, my mother;” returned the youth; “Indeed, if I have wounded thy maternal feelings, it was unintentional;” and with tender solicitude, he drew near his mother, and took her hand in his own. “I believe you, my dear boy I know you wish not to grieve me.” The youth answered not, for his heart was full; but the kiss he imprinted upon the pallid cheek of his mother, was sufficiently descriptive of his internal sensations.

Randolph buckled the sword to his side, and prepared to depart to join the troops levying over the continent. "Be not unmindful of your life, my son: remember you are our only child—our only hope and joy"—said his father, "Not that I would have you cold and unaspiring, studiously careful of your life: but be not rash and precipitate. Youthful soldiers are too anxious to distinguish themselves by some daring feat; heedless of life, and spurning the dictates of prudence, they rush unnecessarily into places of the most imminent danger. Randolph, I once was a soldier no older than yourself, and have not forgotten what hazard my hot blood led me into. Disregard not then the warning voice of grey headed experience—be wary and careful."—"Do, do Randolph, mind your father's admonition. Oh! my son, if we were to be deprived of you, soon, soon would follow our death knell."—"Alarm not yourselves, fondest, dearest parents. *God armeth the patriot.* Well convinced of that, my beloved, revered father and mother, can you fear for me. Doubt not that the all-protecting Omnipotent, in whose eye, the world is bounded to a span, will be unmindful of your son. HE, who putteth down the oppressor, will again return me to your arms."—"Did I think differently," said his mother, "thou shouldst not leave me. That the Almighty will shield thee from danger, is all that soothes the parting with thee."—"Farewell, my boy," said the father, as the youth uttered the tardy farewell. "be mindful of your life, but not cowardly so, go—remember you are a soldier, remember, you are my son." His mother spoke not: but as her son bent upon her bosom, she pressed him closer to her, then clasping her hands together, raised them up to Heaven, and the devout expression of her look, told that she was calling down the benediction and protection of Heaven upon her offspring. She then gently raised him from off her bosom, gazed on him with that fervent expression of countenance with which we look upon the remains of a dear friend or relative for the last time, and departed into the next chamber. Randolph looked after his mother, as if he had seen for the last time, the protector of his infancy, and fondly strove to catch one—only *one* more glimpse of her venerated form. "Father! father!" said he (as he turned his eyes from the door of the apartment into which she had entered) "God, God bless you! farewell! farewell!" and raising his hands and eyes up to Heaven for a moment, he covered his face with his hands, and rushed out of the house.

At the Battle of Queenstown-Heights, (his first engagement) he was desperately wounded, but undaunted he fought on, and it was not until endeavouring to protect the lifeless body of the intrepid and much lamented *Ensign Morris*, from the brutal



Indian allies of the English, that his scull was fractured by the tomahawk of one of the Indians, and he was compelled to retire.

He was so desperately wounded, that he was conveyed to his parents at Washington. At the time when the marauding English were about to make a descent upon that city, our hero was yet an invalid, and his wounds but partially healed. He heard that the English, unsated by the blood they had spilt, the horrid acts they had perpetrated, and the families they had ruined, were about to attack and burn Washington. "Oh! God, is it possible!" exclaimed the youth, springing from his mat, while a glow of indignation suffused his pale and manly cheek. "Can it be that they still thirst for more blood? Have not their savage propensities been glutted by the burnings of Havre de Grace and Hampton? Do not the shrieks of the innocent victims of their infernal lust, still ring in their ears—the groans and supplications of children and women, the curses of parents still follow them? But why talk I thus—come my sword again to my hand, and oh! God of Justice! nerve me with strength, that I may deal out confusion and just retribution upon the base and lawless spoilers of my country!" "Talk not thus, Randolph," said his agonized mother. "You do not, you cannot intend what your words purport." "Mother, mother," answered the youth in breathless trepidation, "I mean as my words have expressed, and I am now girding on my sword to join myself with those who rally round the standard of my country, to protect from invasion and desolation this metropolis. Hallowed by the revered, and never to be forgotten name of Washington!—to teach the homocides—the savage recreants—the haughty foe, that freemen are never unprepared to expel from their soil, such an insolent invader, who, after having laid waste our shores—sacked our cities—murdered our countrymen"—"But Randolph, Randolph," interrupted his mother, "Your wounds are yet unhealed, they will break out afresh, you are unable to bear the fatigue of war, nay, you must not, shall not go." "*Shall not—shall not,*" reiterated Randolph: "Mother, revoke your words—I will not disobey you, I will not go, if you bid me stay; but then my obedience will cost me my life. For me to remain at home, while all are doing something to protect their homes, would make me so contemptible and cowardly in my own eyes, that the sense of my dishonour would soon terminate my existence. Has not every one that can lift a sword been called upon, nay, *commanded* to assemble round the standard of the people of this free country to assist in repelling the satellites of tyranny? and shall a few paltry unhealed wounds stay me, when fathers, husbands, brothers and children are shedding their hearts blood—shall I

not strike *one* blow, for my country—for the home of my parents? Heaven forefend! Mother, you would not have me so base—you must not, cannot wish it! Though my arm is weak, God can nerve it with strength. Look there, mother, look there,” (continued the youth, approaching the window, and throwing up the sash; his eyes beaming with the enthusiasm of his sentiments) “see that heary headed old man supported by his daughter; behold that feeble mother, bearing an infant, with the little ones following her—look on all around, see what agony and woe is depicted on every face—hear their exclamations—: “*The British!*” “*The British!*” “*Havre de Grace!*” “*Hampton!*” “*My Children!*” “*My Father!*” “*Daughter!*” “*Husband!*” “*Brother!*”—Mother, mark these objects and hear their cries, then ask yourself if thou canst bid me stay? Justice! Heaven! the dearest ties that bind us, must all say, no—I go to preserve to those decrepit and infirm ones their homes and families—to those parents their children—to those children their parents—Nay, dearest mother, look not so on me.”—When she said,—“Go, my son, and may God prosper and protect you!” she might have been likened to a Spartan Matron.

On Wednesday, the 24th August, 1814, Randolph was with the troops at Bladensburg—where deadly danger, and frightful hazard, seemed to take their stations, he was seen striving by his exhortations, entreaties, example and prowess to stimulate his countrymen to greater deeds of valor. Though lately risen from the bed of sickness, weak and tender, in the fight he seemed to have been nerved with super-human strength; onwards he pressed when others fell back. But when he saw the American troops discomfited, retreating before the enemy, he paused for a moment, and trembling, leaning on his sword gasped for breath; but it was for a moment only. The next, with indignation in his countenance, he flew to the 5th Baltimore Regiment, (headed by Lt. Col. Smith,) which still stood firm. “God, God be praised! they still stand firm”—cried he, while his cheeks glowed with the vehemence of feeling; and the energy with which he spoke filled his eyes with tears—“Keep them to it—soldiers as ye regard your country’s honour, your friend’s safety, stand, nor basely retreat,—yield not your family property to the tyrants, fight bravely, courageously, strongly, and God will yield you an invincible support—on, on, now for God and Liberty!” And he threw himself successively into every part of the field in the hottest moments of the battle. Animated by his example, for a while the soldiers stood firmly to it, but through the cowardice of some, they, in despite of the youth’s noble bearing, gave way before the enemy. Randolph wondered: he could not believe his senses—was it his countrymen, descendants of revolutionary he-



rees that now fled?—It was too true ; and the young soldier, almost heart-broken, wished for death to close his eyes upon a scene of such dishonor :—But his countenance lit up, and hope once more revisited him, when he saw Commodore Barney with his gallant men, stoutly disputing every foot of ground ; musket to musket, almost foot to foot and breast to breast, they fought. “My country yet may triumph (said he springing towards them, and his eyes gleaming with the patriotic ardor of his soul) “Fight on—fight on—for God’s sake, sir, (addressing Commodore Barney) hold to it, and let the world see how much a few well nerved arms, contending for liberty, can do against myriads of foes.” “They shall not give way (returned the gallant Barney) while I have an arm to strike a blow.” Stoutly did they fight, and dreadful was the havoc. But when the never-to-be forgotten Barney fell, covered with wounds and almost hacked to pieces, into the hands of the enemy, hope sunk in the heart of Randolph. Led on by such a man, what could they not achieve ; but now that he was lost to them, the few brave men that remained, despairing of success, weak and wounded began to retreat. Randolph flew to the standard, he waved it on high, he called on the retreating soldiers to return, he reproached, he urged, he begged and entreated. Touched by the agonizing earnestness of his manner, *some* did return. “Now on, on brave men, fight on till you have not left a running vein, till you are hewed and hacked to pieces—oh ! it will be glorious for us few to preserve our City from these fell plunderers.” They renewed the attack—but overpowered by numbers, they a second time retreated. “Oh ! coward, coward hearts !” (exclaimed the wretched Randolph) My country, thou art disgraced forever !” The agony of wounded sensibility, was too much for him, and he fell apparently dead on the ground, and for a time was blessed with the oblivion of forgetfulness. When he recovered, the starry mantle of night covered the firmament. “Oh my Country ! my Country !” burst from the breaking heart of Randolph—“To basely retreat, coward souls, why did they not in the face of glorious death, form a horrid obstacle to the enemy’s entrance to the City, ere they vilely sought for safety in flight !” “My friend, how is it with you !” said the voice of a person approaching and kneeling beside Randolph. “Ha ! Wharton, is it you ? and do you outlive this days disgrace !—I shall not long, I shall not long—but how came you here ?” He had been stunned by a blow, and left for dead upon the field. “Oh, my friend, (issued from the swoolen heart of Randolph) that men who have enjoyed freedom in its fullness, should have thus disgraced themselves. Wharton, ’tis a stain upon our country that ages will not obliterate. Would to God I had fallen at Queens-town-Heights, ere I had lived to behold my degenerated country-

men act as they have done this day! I had thought they would have died before they would yield to such despoilers. O! Washington! parent of our liberty; if spirits of the other worlds are permitted to"—At this moment a loud report was heard, "Ha! Wharton, what signal is that? what means it?" He needed no answer, the next a dreadful glare of light shone in the air. "I see—I know it all, eternal providence, the British have fired the city—they have commenced their devastation and plunder—Oh God! perhaps (starting wildly on his feet)—perhaps it is the light of my parent's house.—They would not flee, they thought the citizens would protect their homes. Ere this their habitation may be incinerated, and their bones among the ashes—my brain will burst with the thought of it—I'll fly, and if alive, protect them from the insults and invidious designs of the soldiery, or die in the attempt!" "Are you not mad!" (cried Wharton, as Randolph was rushing from him) "Do you know what you are about to do? The city is full of soldiers—to attempt to stop them in their designs will be your death—They will not harm your parents."—"Will not harm them, how can you assure me of that?—Think of Hampton, and Havre de Grace, and then bid me stay, if you can? I'm gone—nay stop me not—Wharton stop me not—see, see the flames how they arise! Father, dear mother, I come, I come!" "Since you are so rash, we will together brave the indignation of the soldiers"—"Wharton no—this must not be—it will probably cost me my life; but let me only see my parents safe from the ruthless depredators, and I care not. I shall have done my duty. You have a wife and child safe from harm; live for them, follow me not, death treads upon my heels." And ere his friend could reply, he had darted from his grasp, and was almost instantly out of sight.

Randolph abated not his speed—he reached the city. He dashed through the crowd; the wildness of his appearance (for he was without hat, his bosom bare, and his face pale as monumental marble, while he held a naked sword in his hand) made place for him each way he trod. With an exulting shout he sprang upon the steps of his parent's dwelling house, just as a party of soldiers were approaching it with fire brands. "Back from this house, ye insatiable gang, back I say!" A loud rude laugh was all the answer he received! "Aye, aye, pass as you please the fulsome jest; but you enter not this house, but across my lifeless body." "I tell you what it is, my dung-hill cock, enter that house we shall. So stand out of the way, or a leaden bullet or two shall pass through your body in less time than I can prime." "You enter this house, I repeat, but over me"—"Don't, don't talk so" (said an inebriated soldier approaching the house with a torch in his hand) "His honour, our brave commander, told us to plun-



der and burn what we please—get out of the way! I am very dry, and must have somat to whet my whistle, being as how I haven't tasted a drop this half hour." "Back, or, by the Great Being that made me! I'll strike at you." The soldier disregarded him—The youth struck, and the next moment the soldiers discharged their muskets at him, and Randolph staggered pierced by their balls. "What means this disturbance?" demanded a British officer. "My parents dwell in this house (cried Randolph) I was preventing the soldiers from entering." "The inhabitants of this house, (interrupted the officer) I saw depart from it but a few moments back." "Which way—which way?" (breathless enquired Randolph,) the officer informed him—and before the soldiers could obey the command of the officer, to "seize upon him, he is our prisoner," he was far off.

At an inn, where they had just alighted, Randolph beheld his parents. "Mother!" he exclaimed—and overcome by the loss of blood, and the fatigue he had undergone, he fell beside her. "Randolph, dear Randolph!" (cried his mother, leaning over her dear boy, and looking on his pale countenance.) The young soldier opened his eyes, rested them for a moment on the face of his agonized parent, and with the last hollow accents of death, faintly articulating, "my country," closed them on the world forever.

R. r.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## DUNCAN'S TRAVELS.

OUR shores have been visited, and revisited, by foreign tourists of every description—we have had shoals of English commoners, and French noblesse, together with a due proportion of German visionaries, and Irish melodists; who have, for the most part, strung their harps to the same tune of European superiority, and transatlantic refinement. But here at length comes an honest unpretending Scot, who, without making invidious comparisons with older and more costly establishments, beholds things in the New World, pretty much as they are, or were likely to be; and finds, in our recent institutions, and untutored habits,

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like a friend,  
Something to blame, and something to commend.

"On the seventeenth day after leaving Fayal, (says our author, who had touched at that port, after sailing from Grenock,

in the month of March, 1818,) we made Sandy Hook, and had the pleasure of taking an American pilot on board. The boat in which he came out, particularly attracted my notice, by its neatness of appearance, and great rapidity of sailing. It was a small decked vessel, schooner rigged, and very sharp in the bows. At a great distance we observed its peaked sails skimming over the water, and bearing down upon us, with the utmost precision and velocity. When a short way off, its foresail was backed for a moment, and a small two oared yawl lowered over the side, which brought the pilot to our vessel, and returning was instantly hoisted on board. The sails were again trimmed, and it darted away, as if to display its superior speed, and mock our tardy motion. It stretched across our bows, and dashed alternately to windward and leeward, sweeping round our vessel, like a sea gull round a rock."

"The harbour of New York is one of the best in the country, and is capable of almost unlimited extension. The wharves skirt both sides of the island, and piers project at right angles into the stream, leaving intermediate slips, which have many of the advantages of wet docks, and are free from several of their inconveniencies. The tides rise and fall about six feet, but there is always water enough abreast of the piers, to float the largest merchantmen. They do not however enjoy the advantage of dry docks; for the tide does not ebb sufficiently to empty them, and mechanical means have not yet been resorted to; but vessels which need repair, are hove down, in shallow water, first upon one side, and then upon the other. With such accumulated advantages in possession, and in prospect, it is not surprising that New-York has become the commercial capital of the United States, and the principal point of communication between North America and Europe. It is probable indeed that it will long retain this pre-eminence. Masts surround the city, like reeds on the margin of a pool; and when one passes along the wharves, and witnesses the never ceasing operations of loading and discharging, warping out, and hauling in vessels of every description, arriving and sailing with every wind that blows, together with the bustling of shippers, Custom-house officers, sailors and car-men, he can not but be impressed with the great extent of the commerce, which can supply such extensive means, with such unceasing employment."

"The Custom-house regulations of the United States, relative to passengers are very liberal. All their personal luggage, and even implements of trade or husbandry, for their own use, being exempted from duty; and I found the officer who was put on board the vessel to examine our trunks, perfectly civil and accommodating. His appearance bespoke him a man of habits and task, very



superior to a large proportion of those whom we find performing similar duties at home ; and one whom no one would be disposed to insult with the offer of those paltry gratuities, to give them no worse name, for which excuses are so frequently discovered. I had been solicited to take charge of some volumes, as presents, from persons at home, and as they could not be included in the entry, which I was required to make, under the sanction of an oath, respecting my own luggage, I shewed them to the searching officer, and also obtained his permission to send them ashore."

After having visited the principal cities of the Union, on returning from an excursion to the Falls of Niagara, by the river St. Lawrence, and arriving at Montreal, the author thus spiritedly describes the contrast between the Canadian towns, and those of republican America.

"I have got once more into a stone built town, constructed with more compactness, and apparently more stability, than my native city. It is obvious that the founders of Montreal must have brought their ideas of city comfort from the old world, for it presents a great contrast to the system which prevails in the United States. Here are no clap-boarded houses, as gay as the plane and paint-brush can make them—no neat brick tenement lintilled with marble, and glowing with vermillion and varnish—no wide avenue-like streets, skirted with forest trees, and parcelled out, here and there, into grass plots or gardens. All this has been left on the republican side of the St. Lawrence, and nothing seems to have entered into the elements of Montreal but stone, iron and tin, put together with as much regard to economy of space, as if the Indian occupants of the ground, had sold it to the first settlers, by the square inch."

On returning from Lower Canada into the United States, he thus proceeds in the same animated and amusing stile.

"I had no opportunity of landing (at the three Rivers, between Quebec and Montreal,) but the aspect of the town from the water is drowzy and inactive, without any of that bustle and animation which characterise the little towns upon the Hudson. It is impossible indeed not to remark, that the banks of the two rivers are peopled by an essentially different race of men ; the one of habits altogether hereditary and monotonous, content to pace along in the footsteps of their forefathers, the other restless and adventurous, almost to a proverb, buying and selling, shipping and importing, settling and emigrating, as if quicksilver, instead of blood, were dancing through their veins."

Of the New-York Canals this impartial observer remarks, in a note inserted, together with many others, as quotations from our own periodical publications, of a later date ; by which means he has contrived to bring up his descriptions to the present period of progressive advancement.

“There is not a doubt that these canals will also carry off a large amount of trade, which would otherwise have found its way down the St. Lawrence, (from the United States) to Canada; and when the country on the Canadian side of Erie, and the lakes above it is settled, the (Anglo American) farmers will find a much nearer market for their grain, by the smooth navigation of the canal, than by the *portage* of the Falls of Niagara, and down the furious rapids of the St. Lawrence, besides gaining nearly two months in the year of those which they now loose by the ice. The Champlain canal has already begun to bring down to New-York a lucrative trade from the banks of the lake, which heretofore went northward to Montreal. In fact much of the moral and political, as well as commercial aspect of this vast continent, will in the course, probably of a few years, undergo a very great revolution. The Erie canal has done more to endanger to the British Crown the loss of *Upper Canada*, than all that warlike operations could ever have effected.”

Our author though evidently a young writer, apparently educated with a view to the ministry (as he is not contented with going to church, wherever it falls in his way, but makes a point of taking his reader along with him, to note the text, and hear an occasional lecture of his own upon controversial theology and ecclesiastical establishments) does not often enlarge upon National policy or political economy : yet on visiting the Capitol of the United States, he takes occasion, from the retired situation of the place, to remark, as follows.

“It appears a remarkable feature in the domestic politics of America, that both the Supreme and State governments select remote towns, or more properly speaking, villages, as the scene of their legislative labours, in preference to the populous cities upon the sea coast, notwithstanding the many inconveniencies which must necessarily result from being thus in a manner excluded from the living world, from access to recent intelligence, and from means of ascertaining the minds of their more intelligent fellow citizens, in sudden and difficult emergencies. We have an annoyance at home somewhat similar in kind (says he) although much smaller in degree, in those parts of the country where some old decayed borough tenaciously maintains its dignity, as county town, taking place of the commercial or manu-



facturing cities, which have greatly overgrown it in wealth and population. But with us this is an unwished for consequence of the gradual change, which manufactures and commerce have produced in the country, and is an evil which we tolerate, because it is not very easily removed. In America on the other hand it is matter of voluntary and deliberate choice, resulting from the republican constitution, and the prevalent system of universal suffrage. A jealousy exists throughout the agricultural districts of the influence of the larger cities, and no sooner do they begin to concentrate a considerable portion of the wealth and talent of the State, than the land-holders take the alarm, and vote the Legislature away some hundred or two of miles into the interior. In this way the legislature of Pennsylvania was sent from Philadelphia to Lancaster, a small town sixty-two miles off, containing about six thousand inhabitants : and subsequently to Harrisburg, thirty-five miles further, with only between two and three thousand. It may thus travel on (continues our Tourist, pursuing his idea to the extremes of possibility) till it is ultimately stopped by the State of Ohio, or the shores of lake Erie ; and, for the Capitol of New-York, it may be necessary, hereafter, to search somewhere about the Falls of Niagara, or the lake of a Thousand Isles."

"Great doubts were entertained whether the city of Washington was to continue to enjoy the presence of the Chief Magistrate and Supreme Legislature ; and capitalists felt no inclination to invest their money in property which was not otherwise valuable, and which might therefore be suddenly and irretrievably depreciated. But what the natives were at a loss to decide, the British may be said to have decided for them. The burning of the Capitol and the President's House, during last war, has settled the question ; and it seems to be now ascertained, to the satisfaction of speculators, that Washington is to continue, at least for a considerable time to come in the undisturbed enjoyment of her Metropolitan privileges. How an event so disastrous should lead to consequences so propitious (to the Federal City) may seem to be in some measure a paradox ; but it is one of easy explanation. When the rebuilding of these edifices came to be the subject of deliberation in Congress, the question as to the removal of the seat of the Legislature, was necessarily discussed. National feeling however co-operated powerfully, with other considerations, to influence the decision, the proposal was at once scouted ; and the requisite amount was enthusiastically voted, to efface the memorials of British triumph. Preparations were instantly made to rebuild the Capitol and President's House, with more than their original splendour, the value of building ground, and of houses, took an immediate start, and

Washington now exhibits abundant proof of the enterprize and elasticity of the American character"———"Of all the errors committed on our part, during that unhappy war, this was undoubtedly one of the greatest. Setting aside the question, as to its abstract defensibility, on the ground of retaliation, or otherwise, it is obvious that it was in the highest degree impolitic, because its immediate effect, as might have been anticipated was to break down party spirit among the Americans, and to unite them as one man in support of the measures of their Government. The fire brand was no sooner applied to their chief magistrate's Palace, and to the national Senate House, than thousands, who had from the beginning maintained a systematic opposition to the contest, at once came forward, and took up arms to maintain it. Their national feelings were roused into powerful excitement and they joined in one loud voice of execration, at the destruction of their national edifices. Our ministers, had such been their object, could not have devised a more effectual way of strengthening Mr. Madison's hands. Had our troops recorded their triumph on the front of the buildings, and left them uninjured, the indignant feeling of humiliation, would have wreaked itself on those by whose imbecility the capture of the city had been occasioned, and who escaped so nimbly, when it fell into the enemy's hands. But the burning of the buildings saved Mr. Madison, a thirst for revenge of the insult overcame every other feeling, and the war became thence forward what it had not been before, decidedly popular and national."

Our author thus humourously describes the customary inattention of the members of the House of Representatives of the United States, during the long speeches of a set debate.

"The House of Representatives was in committee, and I found Mr. Sergeant, of Philadelphia, concluding a speech, which had begun the preceding day, on the subject of the United States Bank. The house was pretty full, but many of the members were lounging beside the fire, reading newspapers, others were clustering round the windows, and few, even of those who remained at their desks, were attending to the orators, most of the others being busily engaged in writing letters, and some carefully weighing them, to ascertain that the inclosures did not exceed the weight which their franks covered."———"It appeared singular that so many members should attend the debates, while so few seemed to be interested in them; and I thought that those whose legislative exertions were confined to gazing out of the window, or toasting their toes at the fire, might with more propriety, so enjoy themselves at home."



Speaking of the Supreme Court of the United States, he remarks, perhaps not injudiciously.

“This court is almost the only one which has adopted an official costume. In all the inferior courts, throughout the country, except I believe those of South Carolina, the judges are to be distinguished from the counsel or the jury only by their position upon the bench. This is probably a point on which the Americans have mistaken the reverse of wrong for right. It was all very well to lay aside the antiquated and grotesque wig which buries the intellectual organ under curls and pomatum ; but to strip the administrator of justice of every distinctive garb, was depriving the judicial office of an accessory, which has a very powerful influence, on the human mind.”

Whilst describing the Halls of the two Houses of Congress, our author takes occasion to remark upon the magnificent Picture of the Declaration of Independence, an engraving from which by an American artist, has just been advertised for delivery.

“In an adjoining room is at present exhibited Colonel Trumbull's Picture of the Declaration of Independence. This is one of a historical series, commemorative of the revolution, which Congress has commissioned this artist to execute, for the purpose of adorning the new Capitol. In commemorating the event which gave birth to this great republic, the painter has placed before us most of the individuals who composed the General Congress, by which the Declaration of Independence was decreed and published ; and the committee which was appointed to frame the instrument, in the act of presenting the draught, at the table. I am no judge of such compositions (says he with becoming hesitation) but I cannot help thinking that the painter might have selected a more interesting period of time in this grand transaction. The picture indeed (continues he, with increasing confidence in his capacity to discover the latent combinations of a work of art) can not be said to represent the *Declaration of Independence* ; for though the instrument had been drawn up, it had not yet been adopted, much less made public. The great object has been to get together into one group, the portraits of those self devoted men, who were the principal actors in this event ; but in effecting this the effect is really calculated, by its *total want of epic grandeur*, to remind us somewhat of the Vicar of Wakefield's Family Picture.”

This picture, if we remember right, was discovered, when it was finished, to be too large to be got into the place intended for it, and it was therefore provisionally deposited in an out house: but, here, the comparison, however judicious it may be, in other

respects, must be allowed to fail, since there is room enough, in the great Salloon of the Capitol, to hang a dozen such Pictures, with the appropriate appendages of frames surmounted with trophies of victory, and surrounded or accompanied by suitable emblems of national happiness and prosperity.

But to proceed with the author's dignified observations: "To the left of the canvass, on the foreground, is seated the President, John Hancock; immediately before him is the committee, consisting of Jefferson, Franklin, Adams, Livingston, and Sherman—Jefferson is in the act of laying the scroll on the table. To the right, and in the back ground, are the other members of Congress, most of them seated, and all as demure as if they had been assembled to attend a funeral. No opportunity was afforded, in such a scene, for the delineation of character, or the representation of animated action or intense emotion. The painter was not allowed to give scope to his imagination, for the event was too recent—the room in which it took place too plain."

The Provincial Assembly Room of Pennsylvania, bears no comparison, it is true, in point of ornament, or even extent, to the Orangery at St. Cloud, from which Napoleon Bonaparte ejected the five hundred legislators of the French Republic; but it was nevertheless a Council Chamber of respectable ordonnance and convenient dimensions, in the State House of Philadelphia, in which Ambassadors from France and Spain, were afterwards suitably received from their respective monarchs.

Yet was it "too plain, and too well known (according to our author) and the meeting of a deliberative assembly was altogether too commonplace a subject, for any considerable *deviation* from historical truth. The real value of the Picture (he concludes abruptly) consists in the portraits, all of which are believed to be authentic."

Upon this point we are sorry to differ from the sagacious connoisseur. All the portraits in the picture are not authentic. But the real value of this picture (our author to the contrary notwithstanding) is in the characteristic solemnity of the representation, and the entire absence of *historical fiction*, as well as poetical allegory. The story of a great political revolution, decided in council, before it was acquired in the field, is plainly told, to the eye, by the stern, or fearless aspect of grave and respectable personages, sitting in their places, or standing round the room in profound attention to what is passing at the President's table; where five members are solemnly handing forward a document, which you plainly perceive involves in its support,



or its prostration, not merely the passing of an official act, but the lives and fortunes of every individual present.

Out of these, not inexpressive, or uninteresting materials, the painter has raised three principal groups to indicate the event in question; which are variously interspersed with the customary arrangement of a deliberate assembly. On the right of the observer is that of the President, in his Chair of State, the Secretary, Thompson, standing at his side; and behind these well-known characters, George Read, and John Dickinson, (unfortunately no likeness) who is enforcing to his colleague from Delaware, his objections to the act, from which Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, turns aside with a smile, while Judge M'Kean, on a seat behind them, casts an averted glance of stern determination.

The central group consisting of John Adams, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston, Thomas Jefferson, who delivers the instrument, and BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, in the voluntary guise of a superannuated old man, though, like Cardinal Motalto (afterwards Pope Sixtus V.) he was only waiting for the result of the conclave, to throw aside his crutch, and begin life over again. Accordingly, within three months of this event, the supposed valetudinary was ploughing the wintry wave on his way to Paris, where he remained in the incessant exercise of the complicated functions of Plenipotentiary, Consul, Commissary, &c. &c. until the peace was signed that acknowledged the Independence of which he had procured the declaration.

The third group, which rises on the left of the spectator, presents the bold and elevated fronts of William Paca, and Samuel Chase of Maryland, standing in a row with Lewis Morris, and William Floyd, too venerable old men (one of whom afterward lived to be 92) behind the seat occupied by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, and George Clinton of New-York; nor is it difficult to discern, in the immoveable attitude and fixed regard of these three leading members, that the support of the important measure depended upon them in the House, as its strength lay out of doors, in the three powerful Colonies that afterward signalized themselves by their inviolable attachment to the cause.

These are the leading features of the scene; yet is not the narrative devoid of interest from personal details, artificially interwoven. For instance, the sixth person in the dignified group, standing behind the members just mentioned, is Arthur Middleton, from South Carolina, a young gentleman in coal black hair (almost every other head in the room being powdered, according to the fashion of that day,) who gracefully leans forward to whisper something to Charles Carroll of Maryland,

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The third group, which rises on the left of the spectator, presents the bold and elevated fronts of William Paca, and Samuel Chase of Maryland, standing in a row with Lewis Morris, and William Floyd, too venerable old men (one of whom afterward lived to be 92) behind the seat occupied by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts, and George Clinton of New-York; nor is it difficult to discern, in the immoveable attitude and fixed regard of these three leading members, that the support of the important measure depended upon them in the House, as its strength lay out of doors, in the three powerful Colonies that afterward signalized themselves by their inviolable attachment to the cause.

These are the leading features of the scene; yet is not the narrative devoid of interest from personal details, artificially interwoven. For instance, the sixth person in the dignified group, standing behind the members just mentioned, is Arthur Middleton, from South Carolina, a young gentleman in coal black hair (almost every other head in the room being powdered, according to the fashion of that day,) who gracefully leans forward to whisper something to Charles Carroll of Maryland,

one of the members that are yet living to enjoy the fruition of their labours. Further on, George Clymer, then a very young man, addresses some observations with characteristic quickness to old Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island, a commanding figure who hears him with divided attention (being engrossed by the business in hand) while his colleague William Ellery (who afterwards lived to 93) stands behind, as if cautiously viewing from between the shoulders of two active members the proceedings of the house. Before this distant group (apparently without the bar) are seen at their respective tables separated by intermediate heads, the well known figure of Robert Morris, and James Wilson, in postures indicative of their resolute determination to abide the consequences of that day's proceedings, to which it was still uncertain whether the Proprietary Province of Pennsylvania would eventually adhere, while Thomas Willing, who was not himself quite cordial to the Declaration, and the Philanthropist Rush, who could not but deprecate its immediate consequences upon the peace and happiness of the community, are perceived behind the first mentioned, as it were shrouding themselves from observation.

On the other side of the room, beyond the President's table, in a row of four members, sit the venerable Dr. Witherspoon, then President of Princetown College, and Sumuel Huntingdon, of Connecticut, with looks expressive of there devotedness to the cause.

Colonel Trumbull has thought proper to point out the war-like nature of the measure in hand by Military trophies depicted upon the walls of the house—the propriety of which display may well be doubted, since professions had been hitherto maintained by Congress of loyalty to the Crown, and attachment to the mother country, notwithstanding that operations, offensive and defensive, had already been authorised by their votes.

One peculiarity of this picture, or rather of this event, remains to be noted ; it is that although the scene has been for half a century, matter of history, and is already to be considered as a tale of other times, with the actors in which the present generation have little or nothing in common, no less than four of the characters represented are yet living, in retirement, between eighty and a hundred years of age.

There is one unpleasing circumstance however connected with the history of this splendid picture, and the great event which it illustrates. We mention it with regret—but it is not to be concealed. It is that the original sketch, being begun, whilst the artist resided abroad, he unwittingly laid the scene in the room formerly appropriated to the Supreme Court, whereas it took place in the eastern chamber of the State House. This cir-



cumstance was observed to Colonel Trumbull, when his finished Painting was exhibited in Philadelphia; but the Picture being then terminated no alteration has been made, even in the print since engraved from it, and probably none ever will—unless Congress should direct the repainting of the back ground, which might readily be done, before this truly national picture is permanently fixed in a place where it will become the pride and study of every future age of the republic. S.

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On perusing the work on which our correspondent makes the foregoing judicious remarks, we met in a note with the following narrative of the destruction of a Barge, attended with the loss of several lives, in the rapids of the river St. Lawrence, in the year 1810. We are induced to lay it before our readers, on account of the singular circumstances which accompanied the preservation of the narrator, who is stated in the *Liverpool Mercury*, in which paper the narrative first appeared, to have been a merchant of great respectability in that place. The account is drawn up with but little polish of style; but it displays an artless accuracy of detail, and a force of description, which will not fail to interest the reader; and which, in the relation of real occurrences of this perilous and impressive nature, are always more striking and effective, than flowery images, or splendid pomp of words.

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*Wreck of a Barge in the Rapids of the St. Lawrence.*

On the 22d day of April 1810, our party set sail in a large schooner from Fort George, or Niagara Town, and in two days crossed lake Ontario to Kingston, at the head of the river St. Lawrence, distant from Niagara about 200 miles. Here we hired an American barge (a large flat-bottomed boat) to carry us to Montreal, a further distance of 200 miles; then set out from Kingston on the 28th April, and arrived the same evening at Ogdensburg, a distance of 75 miles. The following evening we arrived at Cornwall, and the succeeding night at Pointe du Lac, on lake St. Francis. Here our bargemen obtained our permission to return up the river; and we embarked in another barge, deeply laden with potashes, passengers and luggage. Above Montreal, for nearly 100 miles, the river St. Lawrence is interrupted in its course by rapids, which are occasioned by

the river being confined in comparatively narrow, shallow, rocky channels;—through these it rushes with great force and noise, and is agitated like the ocean in a storm. Many people prefer these rapids, for grandeur of appearance, to the falls of Niagara. They are from half a mile to nine miles long each, and require regular pilots. On the 30th of April we arrived at the village of the Cedars, immediately below which are three sets of very dangerous rapids. (the Cedars, the Split-rock, and the Cascades,) distant from each other about one mile. On the morning of the 1st of May we set out from the Cedars, the barge very deep, and very leaky. The captain, a daring, rash man, refused to take a pilot. After we passed the Cedar rapid, not without danger, the captain called for some rum, swearing, at the same time, that God Almighty could not steer the barge better than he did!\* Soon after this we entered the Split-rock rapids by a wrong channel, and found ourselves advancing rapidly towards a dreadful watery precipice, down which we went. The barge slightly grazed her bottom against the rock, and the fall was so great as nearly to take away the breath. We here took in a great deal of water, which was mostly baled out again before we were hurried on to what the Canadians call the “grand bouillon,” or great boiling. In approaching this place the captain let go the helm, saying, “By God! here we fill.” The barge was almost immediately overwhelmed in the midst of immense foaming breakers, which rushed over the bows, carrying away planks, oars, &c. About half a minute elapsed between the filling and going down of the barge, during which I had sufficient presence of mind to strip off my three coats, and was loosening my suspenders when the barge sunk, and I found myself floating in the midst of people, baggage, &c. Each man caught hold of something; one of the crew caught hold of me, and kept me down under water, but contrary to my expectation, let me go again. On arising to the surface, I got hold of a trunk, on which two other men were then holding. Just at this spot, where the Split-rock rapids terminate, the bank of the river is well inhabited; and we could see women on shore running about much agitated. A canoe put off, and picked up three of our number, who had gained the bottom of the barge, which had upset and got rid of its cargo; these they landed on an island. The canoe put off again, and was approaching near to where I was, with two others, holding on the trunk, when, terrified with the vicinity of the Cascades, to which we were approaching, it put back, notwithstanding my exhortations, in French and English, to induce the two men on board to advance. The bad hold which one man had of the trunk, to which we were

\* This insane and impious bravado, is said to be still remembered in Canada.



adhering, subjected him to constant immersion, and, in order to escape his seizing hold of me, I let go the trunk, and, in conjunction with another man, got hold of the boom, (which, with the gaff, sails, &c. had been detached from the mast, to make room for the cargo,) and floated off. I had just time to grasp this boom, when we were hurried into the Cascades; in these I was instantly buried, and nearly suffocated. On rising to the surface, I found one of my hands still on the boom, and my companion also adhering to the gaff. Shortly after descending the Cascades, I perceived the barge, bottom upwards, floating near me. I succeeded in getting to it, and held by a crack in one end of it; the violence of the water, and the falling out of the casks of ashes, had quite wrecked it. For a long time I contented myself with this hold, not daring to endeavour to get upon the bottom, which I at length effected; and from this, my new situation I called out to my companion, who still preserved his hold on the gaff. He shook his head; and when the waves suffered me to look again, he was gone. He made no attempt to come near me, being unable or unwilling to let go his hold, and trust himself to the waves, which were then rolling over his head.

The Cascades are a kind of fall, or rapid descent, in the river, over a rocky channel below: going down is called, by the French, "Sauter," to leap or shove the Cascades. For two miles below, the channel continues in uproar, just like a storm at sea; and I was frequently near washed off the barge by the waves which rolled over. I now entertained no hope whatever of escaping; and although I continued to exert myself to hold on, such was the state to which I was reduced by cold, that I wished only for speedy death, and frequently thought of giving up the contest as useless. I felt as if compressed into the size of a monkey; my hands appeared diminished in size one-half; and I certainly should (after I became very cold and much exhausted) have fallen asleep, but for the waves that were passing over me, and obliged me to attend to my situation. I had never descended the St. Lawrence before, but I knew there were more rapids a-head, perhaps another set of the Cascades; but at all events, the La Chine rapids, whose situation I did not exactly know. I was in hourly expectation of these putting an end to me, and often fancied some points of ice extending from the shore to be the heads of foaming rapids. At one of the moments in which the succession of waves permitted me to look up, I saw at a distance a canoe with four men coming towards me, and waited in confidence to hear the sound of their paddles; the men as I afterwards learned were Indians (genuine descendants of the Tartars) who happening to fall in with one of the passenger's trunks,

picked it up, and returned to the shore for the purpose of pillaging it, leaving as they since acknowledged, the man on the boat to his fate. Indeed, I am certain I should have had more to fear from their avarice, than to hope from their humanity; and it is more than probable, that my life would have been taken to secure them in the possession of my watch and several half eagles, which I had about me.

The accident happened at eight o'clock in the morning; in the course of some hours, as the day advanced, the sun grew warmer, the wind blew from the south, and the water became calmer. I got upon my knees, and found myself in the small lake St. Louis, about from three to five miles wide; with some difficulty I got upon my feet, but was soon convinced, by cramps and spasms in all my sinews, that I was quite incapable of swimming any distance, and I was then two miles from shore. I was now going with wind and current to destruction; and cold, hungry, and fatigued, was obliged again to set down in the water to rest, when an extraordinary circumstance greatly relieved me. On examining the wreck, to see if it were possible to detach any part of it to steer by, I perceived something loose, entangled in a fork of the wreck, and so carried along. This I found to be a small trunk, bottom upwards, which with some difficulty I dragged up upon the barge. After near an hour's work, in which I broke my penknife, trying to cut out the lock, I made a hole in the top, and to my great satisfaction drew out a bottle of rum, a cold tongue, some cheese, and a bag full of bread, cakes, &c. all wet. Of these I made a seasonable, though very moderate use, and the trunk answered the purpose of a chair to sit upon, elevated above the surface of the water.

After in vain endeavouring to steer the wreck, or direct its course to the shores, and having made every signal (with my waistcoat, &c.) in my power, to the several headlands which I passed, I fancied I was driving into a bay, which however, soon proved to be the termination of the lake, and the opening of the river, the current of which was carrying me rapidly along. I passed several small uninhabited islands, but the banks of the river appearing to be covered with houses, I again renewed my signals with my waistcoat and a shirt, which I took out of the trunk, hoping as the river narrowed, they might be perceived; the distance was too great. The velocity with which I was going, convinced me of my near approach to the dreadful rapids of La Chine. Night was drawing on, my destruction appeared certain, but did not disturb me very much, the idea of death had lost its novelty, and become quite familiar. Finding signals in vain, I now set up a cry or howl, such as I thought best calculated to carry to a distance, and being fa-



voured by the wind, it did, although at above a mile distance, reach the ears of some people on shore. At last I perceived a boat rowing towards me, which being very small and white bottomed, I had for some time taken for a fowl with a white breast; and I was taken off the barge by Captain Johnson, after being ten hours on the water. I found myself at the village of La Chine, 21 miles below where the accident happened, and having been driven by the winding of the current a much greater distance. I received no other injury than bruised knees and breast, with a slight cold; the accident took some hold of my imagination, and for seven or eight succeeding nights in my dreams, I was engaged in the dangers of the Cascades, and surrounded by drowning men.

My escape was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, which appear almost providential. I happened to catch hold of various articles of support, and to exchange each article for another just at the right time. Nothing but the boom could have carried me down the Cascades without injury; and nothing but the barge could have saved me below them. I was also fortunate in having the whole day; had the accident happened one hour later, I should have arrived opposite the village of La Chine after dark, and of course, would have been destroyed in the rapids below, to which I was rapidly advancing. The trunk which furnished me with provisions and a resting place above the water, I have every reason to think was necessary to save my life; without it I must have passed the whole time in the water, and been exhausted with cold and hunger. When the people on shore saw our boat take the wrong channel, they predicted our destruction; the floating luggage, by supporting us for a time, enabled them to make an exertion to save us; but as it was supposed not possible to survive the passage of the Cascades, no farther exertions were thought of, nor indeed could they well have been made.

It was at this very place that General Ambert's brigade of 300 men, coming to attack Canada were lost; the French at Montreal received the first intelligence of the invasion, by the dead bodies floating past the town. The pilot who conducted their first batteaux committing the same error that we did, ran for the wrong channel, and the other batteaux following close, all were involved in the same destruction. The whole party with which I was, escaped; four left the barge at the Cedar village, above the rapids, and went to Montreal by land; two more were saved by the canoe; the barge's crew, all accustomed to labour, were lost; of the eight men who passed down the Cascades, none but myself escaped, or were seen again; nor indeed was it possible for any one without my extraordinary

luck, and the aid of the barge, to which they must have been very close to have escaped; the other men must have been drowned immediately on entering the Cascades. The trunks, &c. to which they adhered, and the heavy great coats which they had on, very probably helped to overwhelm them; but they must have gone at all events; swimming in such a current of broken stormy waves was impossible; still I think my knowing how to swim kept me more collected, and rendered me more willing to part with one article of support to gain a better; those who could not swim would naturally cling to whatever hold they first got, and of course, many had very bad ones. The Captain passed me above the Cascades, on a sack of woollen clothes, which were doubtless soon saturated and sunk.

The trunk which I picked up, belonged to a young man from Upper Canada, who was one of those drowned; it contained clothes and about £70 in gold, which was restored to his friends. My own trunk contained, besides clothes, about £200 in gold and bank notes. On my arrival at La Chine, I offered a reward of 100 dollars, which induced a Canadian to go in search of it. He found it some days after, on the shore of an island on which it had been driven, and brought it to La Chine, where I happened to be at the time. I paid him his reward, and understood that above one third of it was to be immediately applied to the purchase of a certain number of masses which he had vowed, in the event of success, previous to his setting out on the search.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PODAGRÆ LEVAMEN ;

OR

EXTRACTS FROM A BACHELOR'S CHRONICLE.

*Varium et mutabile semper.—Virgil.*

*Continued from page 140.*

THE VILLAGE INN.

*Hodge.*—Sticke to her, Gammer, take her by the head, chil warrant you this feaste.

Smyte I saye, Gammer,

Bite I saye, Gammer,

I trow you wife be keene.

Where be your nayls? claw her by the jaws, pull me out both her eyes.

Gog's bones, Gammer, holde up your heade.

OLD PLAY.....*Gammer Gurton's Needle*—Lond. 1551.

I will not be laughed at now; when I'm, i'm a tiger.

OLD PLAY.....*The Widow*—Written by Johnson, Fletcher and Middleton.

—And amongst groans, shrieks, cries, curses and exclamations of terror, down came the vehicle. “What a fall was there,



my countrymen," cried the lunatic. "Good God! have mercy upon us," bellowed the horror stricken Mr. Drubbs. "Sake, take care of the *band-boxes*," vociferated Mrs. Drubbs. Who will say now, that women do not in the most perilous times, think of their *finery*? thought I. "De tifel, O! de tifel, we shall all be kilt," exclaimed the Dutchman, every line of his *full* face indicating fear and despair; "Let me out first, shentlemen, I'm so pig!"—The reader must suppose all the above exclamations, uttered simultaneously, "while each for himself," was struggling '*might and main*' to get out of the dilapidated coach, as fast and by what means he could. The '*first law of self preservation*,' is a mighty instigator to venturous actions, in the moments of eminent danger; and it will not be wondered at, that my German companion whose unwieldy size prevented him from making such leaps, springs, and descents as his fellow passengers, should make a desperate attempt for '*dear life*.' In the hurry, bustle and confusion, unable to effect a retreat by the stage door, the poor man believing it '*neck or nothing*,' when in reality there was but little cause for alarm, had essayed (I trow with some difficulty) to climb out behind the stage, as the only chance, though desperate, for escape; but in his eagerness for safety, he forgot the dictates of prudence, for, as with '*dangerous haste*' he thrust himself out '*head foremost*,' the upper part of his frame, becoming too heavy for the lower part in the stage, he lost his equilibrium, and was coming down on his head '*by the run*,' when extending his arms he caught hold of the back springs of the carriage, and with his body out and his feet clenching the back of it, he was loudly vociferating: "Help! help! shentlemens, for the love of Got, help! I will be kilt! help! help! help!" when the male passengers, with myself, came to his assistance. I could not restrain the action of my risible faculties when, placing the poor German on his feet, the idea came into my mind of '*what an etching for a Ronaldson*.' It was a long time before the poor man recovered from his fright, muttering as he sat panting on a fence rail, where he placed himself, "I tink de tifel be got possession of de stage."

Upon inspection of the stage, the driver informed the passengers that they would be obliged to walk to an Inn, about a mile distant from where we were *landed*: so we all set out for it. "Well" said Mr. Drubbs, "may I never again, measure a yard of tape, if ever I leave my counter to travel unless '*the needful*' makes it necessary for me to do so. It *jist sarves* us right, what business have we to be aping other folks? Because Mrs. Trumpery had gone too New-York a few days ago, nothing would do but we must go to, and be hanged to it." "What," returned the indignant Mrs. Drubbs, "do you, Mr. Drubbs,

intend to let Mrs. Trumpery have the whip hand of us now?" "I know this, Mrs. Drubbs, I'll be curst if I'll be sich a fool as I have been; nothing is in my ears, day by day, but Mrs. Trumpery does this, Mrs. Trumpery does that; if Mrs. Trumpery gives a ball we must have one too, just to show we can do as much. But here we'll stop, I'll have no more overmatching of Mrs. Trumpery—that's flat." "Why, Mr. Drubbs, don't talk so; you'r beside yourself, I wont bear it—let Mrs. Trumpery, match me! forsooth; no indeed—that would be a story to tell 'mong's our 'quaintances! Shure now, she has left New-York for *Sarहतोगो Springs* and Falls of *Ninagana*, as she gave out 'fore she left Philadelphia, won't you go too?" "Mrs. Trumpery," said Drubbs, cowering as he spoke, "may go to *Niragara*, *Suree-to-gee*, or the *d——l*, for what I care; but I won't follow her, that's poz. I'll go to New-York, as I am so far, *bekase* there has been a large arrival of British goods, and I may get some cheap chintz, and vestings; but as for going any further, I'll be cursed if I do." "Now hear me, Mr. Drubbs, if Mrs. Trumpery's gone to *Ninagana* or them there places, I'll go too. It shan't be said, that a *vowan* who once cleaned *handirons* should beat me in any thing. Don't we give the best *conversassyones*, parties and dances; and"—"La pa! it *could* never do to be told"—"Hold *your* tongue, saucebox." At this time Mrs. Drubbs dropped one of the *jewels*, (i. e. one of her *band-boxes*) in picking up of which, the upper part of her gown, frock, morning dress, evening dress, walking dress, dishabelle, or whatever appellation such a piece of ladies attire is denominated by, caught in a bramble and tore it from '*top to toe*,' or '*stem to stern*' as the sons of Neptune say. Mrs. Drubbs stood still, mute and motionless.—The apt author may depict the looks of a trembling urchin, who having wrong repeated his task, sees his master repair with creaking shoes and, '*visage ire*,' to the repository of the '*all sufficient rod*,' and then with slow and ominous step approaching to inflict corporal punishment;—or, of a miser, when as he tells over his concealed horde, and sees one of his golden *gods*, drop irrecoverably down a *crack*;—or of an *old maid*, when she sees announced in the public prints, the *marriage* of a sister grizzle with some young and handsome fortune hunter;—or of a *coquette* when she sees that the shafts of railery and sarcasm, which she is levelling at a diffident and inoffensive young man, are not only disregarded by him, but that they fail of exciting even a smile of approbation;—or of an epicure, when after having been inhaling for some time the delicious odour exhaled from a roasting pair of *carcass back ducks*, finds to his ineffable chagrin, when they come on the table, that they are *charked*;—or of an *author* who in an obscure corner sees the green curtain drop at the close of his



play amidst howlings, d—m's, hisses and declamations of disapprobation;—or of a *beaux*, who while dancing in a cotillion, by accidentally treading on a piece of orange peel, falls prostrate on the ball room floor; or—to speak more *feelingly*—when the ever unlucky great toe of a *gouty septuagenary*, like myself, is trodden on by the splay-foot of an awkward servant—but to describe the *looks* of Mrs. Drubbs would have been beyond the power of Hogarth himself, had he been living. For some time she stood in a state of ‘dumb forgetfulness,’ when taking hold of her dilacerated gown, and seeing the *extent* of her misfortune, she bawl'd aloud, which the maniac noticing, said “e'en in such drops of rainy sorrow, mourned the dame of Ephesus her love.” After her sorrow had taken some vent, she turned to her daughter and in a piteous tone asked, “Suke, can it be mended?” “Lord, ma, how you talk—mended! *vy* its torn from top to bottom.” “Is it—oh!” and unable to bear this addition to her accumulating distress, she again sought relief in a flood of tears. “Flow on, ye crystal drops,” cried the maniac. “You there, Mr. Stroller, you have little to do I think to be laughing at folks *misfortens*.” “Why to see you thus,” returned he, “would move wild laughter in the throat of death.”—“Sir, sir, I wish I was a man, women”—“are not in their *best* fortunes strong, and when the shock of rude *calamity* comes 'cross them, they bend as the frail reed to every blast,” said her antagonist; which however Mrs. Drubbs took no notice of, but addressed herself to her daughter. “But, Suke, only to think it is *sich* fine muslin—Mr. Drubbs sent all the way to the East *Inges* for it, worked so pretty at the bottom, *sich* nice *flounces* too I had put on it!—well—well, I never had *sich* a pack of troubles—oh Lord! oh Lord! it never rains but it pours. I would'nt have Mrs. Trumpery catch me in this *here* *pardicament* for the world.” “Yes, ma, the low thing would always be throwing it up to a body.”—At this time we arrived at the Inn, at the head of what was denominated a *town*, but *literally* a small village. “Oh my friendt,” said the German, waddling up to the landlord, show me to pet, I am very sick. I shall not trafel for some tays—come, my good friendt, show me to a pet.”

In a little while I found myself in a room with Mrs. and Miss Drubbs, and the lunatic. Mrs. Drubbs was lamenting very pathetically her misfortunes, which *lament* however, we have mercy enough to spare the reader; when she was interrupted by the entrance of a little, ugly, conceited, chuffy woman. “Mrs. Trumpery!” exclaimed both mother and daughter. “Yes, my dear Mrs. Drubbs, Mr. Trumpery and myself are returning to Philadelphia. I met your dear *man*, at the door, he told me you were here. Sad accidents have happened to day, I hear

—It is certainly very dangerous and inconvenient to travel by stages—indeed I am so put out about it, that Mr. Trumpery says he will purchase a carriage and horses as soon as he returns home, and *never* travel by coaches *no* more. To be sure it will cost a pretty penny, but that's neither here nor there. But I declare, Mrs. Drubbs, you look quite flurried, has any thing happened?" "Why, my dear Mrs. Trumpery, the truth is I am almost ashamed to see you, in this *pardicament*, (showing the rent) but I *know* you too well to think you will mind it." "Ha! he! he! not at all, not at all, Mrs. Drubbs—why I do say, it will make an excellent *dishabilly*." "I think it is not so kind of you Mrs. Trumpery, to call my torn frock an excellent *dishabilly*." "Dont be flustered, my *dear* friend," said Mrs. Trumpery, in that little, malignant manner, which those in the lower classes of life, and not unfrequently many in the *higher* walks, make use of when they have a supposed advantage over their envied neighbours or acquaintances: "I could not help laughing at your appearance, ha! ha! ha!" "But let me tell you as how, Mrs. Trumpery, I don't *like* folks to laugh at my *misfortins*." "Don't now get into a passion, Mrs. Drubbs, my *dear* friend, be calm, be cool." "O'er step not the modesty of nature," said the lunatic. "I tells you what it is, *sich* conduct is not like a *lady*, but it is what I might have expected from *you*." "And what of *me*?" cried Mrs. Trumpery enraged in her turn, and starting up with arms a-kimbo. "Why, that your treatment of me is *jist* like a person who had once been a *sarvant ga'al*." "A *sarvant ga'al* in your teeth, Mrs. Drubbs—but if I was once a *sarvant ga'al*, that's as good any day as a fishwoman's *dater*, as you are." "I, a fishwoman's *dater*!" cried Mrs. Drubbs, jumping up, and also placing her arms a-kimbo. "Yes, all the world know's it, and that Mr. Drubbs used to court you as you were pickling shad." "A most foul aspersion," exclaimed my companion. Actions speak louder than words, and Mistress Drubbs expressed her indignation at this serious allegation, by immediately claping her talons on Mrs. Trumpery's bonnet, which in an instant became a thing of 'shreds and patches;' but the next moment saw a good portion of the grizzled hair of Mrs. Drubbs, in the hand of her incensed adversary, when both paused and gazed on each other like the lion hemmed in by foes. Taking advantage of this suspension of the fight, I endeavoured to reconcile the two *Megæras*, but ineffectually, passion, nay madness had possessed both. With renewed vigour the combat commenced. Mrs. Trumpery's gown fell a prey to the grasp of Mrs. Drubbs. The while, the *dutiful* Miss Suke was encouraging her mother, by various exclamations, as where was the best place to lay her nails, where to thrust her fist; but although Mrs. Drubbs



profited by her *affectionate* daughter's instructions, the day was going evidently and rapidly against her, when, with a mark of piety which, if it had been exhibited in any other way, should not have passed without an eulogium, Miss Drubbs struck in, and assisted her mother. In vain did Mrs. Trumpery aim the most skilful blows—in vain did she shift her position—a fatal hit on the nose—a well directed blow inflicted by Mrs. Drubbs' carnelous hand, terminated the contest, and the redoubtable Mrs. Trumpery fell vanquished. And as

———"looks the pent up lion o'er the wretch  
That trembles under his devouring paw."

so Mrs. Drubbs gazed upon her prostrate foe.

By this time the people in the house, alarmed by the noise, rushed into the room, and Mr. Drubbs casting a significant look towards a man who just appeared, cried "*our wives!*" The dutchman ran in, with his night cap and dressing gown, crying: "What, in Got's name is de matter? I tink I must be possess'd, vere ever I run noting but noise, noise, gabber, gabber, gabber;" and *gabbering* the poor man again sought his bed. The combatants ashamed of themselves, withdrew. With the officer, his wife, and the lunatic, I proceeded on my journey, and was separated much to my concern, from the Drubbs'. E. R.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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### A FUNERAL SCENE.

If faith unite the faithful but to part,  
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?  
Why does the brother of my childhood seem,  
Restored awhile in every pleasing dream?  
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,  
By artless friendship blessed when life was new? CAMPBELL.

THERE are few of us so unfortunate as to be confined throughout our lives, from one end of the year to the other, amid the toil and hurry of the city; and there are few that in their temporary absence do not meet with something of a character so interesting and affecting as to stamp it on their memories through every change of prospect or condition. There are some things which the heart is willing to retain with all its fondness and

affection—to cherish with all the warmth of its generous nature, and to which it clings with all its sensibility and feeling ; while there are others it would consider itself happy in being able to to forget.

To visit the scenes of our younger days, to tread in the footsteps of our juvenile companions, to seek the haunts of what was once our dwelling place, and to look upon them as the remnants of that period of delight and hope, is an employment in which the mind can feel itself lost to present sorrow and misfortunes. The scenes of our earliest friendships and affections, how they rise before us like the shades of what was, without the promise of what will be!

“ But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
And sing to charm the spirits of the deep.”

It was but lately that I left the hurry and confusion of the city, to seek among the forests of a neighbouring State, the thousand pleasures which every tongue is willing to acknowledge as the attributes of the country. To bury myself in a seclusion where the eye might look around upon creation and bless its Maker ; where the soul unincumbered by the cares of life, might, in so perfect a solitude, forget that what detained it here was mortal.

It was on such a visit and with such designs, that I was invited by a friend, to follow with him the remains of a young and interesting stranger to her long and peaceful home. It was a tribute of affection and respect, trifling in itself to him who paid it, but doubly grateful to the agonized feelings of one who survived her. She for whom the grave was opened, was a stranger from the South. She came accompanied by her husband to restore her health, already wasted by consumption, when a mandate which it were impious to arraign, summoned her from a state of limited existence, to a world of immortality. Cut off in the spring-time of her life with every blessing shining on her, with every thing that wealth could purchase, that sympathy could bestow, or that love could name, she sleeps where none mourn over her grave.

“ By stranger’s hands her dying eyes were closed,  
By stranger’s hands her decent limbs composed.”

At the hour appointed for the funeral, the coffin was deposited on a bier, and covered by a velvet pall. The only real mourner, supported by the friendly arm of the physician who had watched her in her latest struggle, followed immediately, and the procession was continued by the villagers, with an appearance of feeling and of sympathy, honourable to their hearts.



The bell of the neighbouring Church tolled mournfully in the ear, and every stroke seemed to deepen in the bosoms of the company as they approached the yard. At the grave the coffin rested for a moment on the bier, and was then deposited in its narrow house. Here every eye was bent upon the single mourner, as if expecting a natural burst of sorrow over the ashes of his departed partner; but there was none. He stood calm and collected. He saw the coffin lowered into the grave, and he dropped a tear, he saw the cords drawn up, and he heard a clod, by accident pushed into the grave, fall upon the remains of all in this world he held dear, and he dropped another, but it was all. The rest, if there were any, he wiped away. His friend then led him nearer to the grave, and after having gazed a moment, after having taken the last farewell, final look, he threw a twig of willow into it. At this mark of sensibility and affection, he was still composed; but the spectators were overcome, and many a tear was shed by strangers for the misfortunes of one they knew not.

This was a spectacle at which the Stoic might experience emotion, from which the painter might sketch his fairest subject, and on which the poet might dwell with all the glow of inspiration.

Such little peculiarities of feeling and affection as these, coming

“Warm from the heart and faithful to its fires,”

declare to us, that he who is there possessor can boast a gift of no ordinary value. It is one which will bear him up through many a misfortune, and become the solace of his melancholy hours. A twig of willow in the grave of his departed wife! Oh! if those spirits whose discarded tenements are now mouldering into kindred dust, are permitted to hover over the destinies of those they loved and left behind, surely her's to whose gentle memory this weeping willow was at tribute, was looking down and at that time pronouncing a blessing on the head of him who offered it!

(P D)

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## A REVIEW

OF

POEMS BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

*New-York, published by Charles Wiley, 1 vol. 8vo. p.p. 396.*

That poetry, taken in its literal sense, is distinguished from prose by the peculiar formation of its language, rather than by the nature of its subjects or its modes of thought, is an opinion

which, in a late number of this magazine, we have already ventured to advance, although we know that it is in direct opposition to that generally entertained on the subject. The majority of critics look upon language as having only a secondary influence in rendering the effusions of mind prose or poetry; and maintain that the primary and essential character of each, depends solely on the nature of the thoughts which it comprises. If these be bolder, warmer, more fanciful, or more romantic, than such as are suggested by the ordinary affairs of life—than such as are suited to the pursuits of business, arts, philosophy, religion, or government, it is the general opinion, that they are no longer prose, and that although they should be expressed in the common, every day forms of speech, they are to all intents and purposes poetry. Force and fervour of thought, not musical or measured arrangement of language, are what have been said, and said almost without contradiction, to be the intrinsic constituents of poetry. But in holding a different doctrine, we believe we shall be supported not only by the examples of the poetry and prose of every known language, but by the very nature of the two species of composition.

We know of but *one* quality in writing or speaking, nor do we believe that any critic can inform us of another, which is not the common property of both prose and poetry, we mean, a *musical arrangement of words*. Wherever composition possesses this, our ordinary senses inform us that it has avoided the structure of prose and become poetry. But these senses will give us no such information if a *musical arrangement* of the language be absent, although the piece may possess every other quality, or combination of qualities, that can be introduced into literary composition.

Do we not every day meet with eloquent productions which no one would dream of calling poetical, but which, in the qualities of *force* and *fervour*, no poetry ever excelled? Do we not read books in prose, in which all the ardour of imagination, the wildness of fancy and the fire of enthusiasm, combine to give us “thoughts that breathe and words that burn,” and in which nature and passion are often depicted in colours as faithful and strong as even a Shakspeare could give? Yes. And what pre-



vents the contents of these from being poetry? Nothing, assuredly, but the *want of musical numbers*. We shall add, that throwing the most common and contemptible ideas into harmonious measure, will always procure for them the title of poetry, as is exemplified in the productions of Wordsworth, some of Crabbe's, many of Byron's and Hogg's, not to mention those of the whole race of doggerlists, from Propertius to Hudibras, and from Hudibras to Peter Pindar and the *croaking* authors of the delectable Fanny, and her numerous brazen-voiced kindred of the Beppo family.

The mistake as to bold and fiery thoughts and accurate representations of nature alone constituting poetry, seems to have arisen from the circumstance, that writing in numbers is more favourable to the expression of such thoughts, and to the exhibition of such representations than writing in the common language of life, not only because the latter is somewhat degraded by its ordinary daily use, but because its being so, has rendered it necessary to confine it more within the bounds of logical precision and cool decorum. The measured or poetical structure of language is allowed a liberty which those who write in it, frequently exercise, sometimes even to excess, of uttering thoughts in a style of pomposity and gorgeousness, which it would be neither just nor judicious to grant to prose. The writers of prose may be occasionally ornamented; but they would subject themselves to ridicule if they would assume the stately and inflated style so willingly admitted to poets.

This limit set to the range of thought in prose composition, has formed a collateral and adventitious distinction between it and poetry, which has imposed itself on the minds of men, as the primary and essential distinction between them. But whoever reflects for a moment on the subject, will perceive that this distinction arises altogether from the greater latitude allowed to the fancy of the poet, in consideration of the shackles thrown upon him by the very nature of his art confining him to musical measures, and also on account of these musical measures serving to conceal, or at least, to overshadow whatever appearance of absurdity might attend the flights of thought permitted by this indulgence. But that these flights of thought are not

of themselves poetry, literally speaking, whoever reads the florid Meditations of Harvey, the pompous Oration of Philips, or the turgid Novels of Lady Morgan, Marturin, or John Neal, Esq. of Baltimore, will be sufficiently convinced—for no one can consider these works to be poems, and yet their flights are as extravagant, and their expressions as much overhung with ornament, as those of any legitimate poetry extant.

By a figure of speech, indeed, not only has prose of a certain stamp acquired the epithet of poetical, but feelings and actions have metaphorically acquired the same epithet. Enthusiasm has been metaphorically styled the poetry of feeling, chivalry the poetry of manhood, and sensibility the poetry of womanhood—nay, if we mistake not, one of the authors just mentioned, Lady Morgan, calls dancing the poetry of motion. But all these expressions are mere tropes, and have no power whatever to alter the true philosophy of things. Composition, according to this philosophy, if destitute of musical numbers, must be prose, and if possessed of them, must be poetry, in spite of metaphors.

Such then, it appears evident, at least to us, is the true distinction between the two kinds of writing; and, while the nature of the human mind, and the forms of human speech continue to be what they are, such will continue to be the distinction.

If harmonious measure, therefore, constitutes poetry, it must follow that the goodness of the poetry will depend very much on the degree of its harmony. That a good taste, however, will require something besides mere harmony of verse, to give it satisfaction, is freely admitted. But we are not at present investigating the various ingredients that may be admitted into a poem to heighten its flavour; we are only enquiring after that ingredient which forms its intrinsic character, and without which it ceases to exist. Wine is naturally distinguished from water by the spirit it contains, but wine itself is more or less excellent according to the absence or presence of many other adventitious qualities, such as the saccharine principle, fixed air, &c. Without spirit, however, it is not wine, and with spirit it is not water—neither is composition, poetry, without harmony of numbers, and with harmony of numbers it cannot be prose.



We have dwelt on this subject longer than we should have done, had we not been introducing to the notice of our readers, the works of a poet, who has obtained more praise among our literati than any other votary of the Muses that ever sang in this country. Our responsible situation as conductor of a public Journal, we presume, gives us a right to enquire into the justice of the praises so abundantly bestowed on this poet; and requires us to elucidate, to the best of our ability, the true extent of his claims upon the admiration of the world. To do this fairly, and with effect, we considered it proper to point out what we believe to be the principle constituent quality of poetry, and because many, at present, affect to doubt the utility of its possessing that quality at all, to detail some of the leading reasons for our belief.

We have said enough to show that, necessary as we think harmony to be to the constitution of poetry, we do not conceive that its presence alone is sufficient to render a poem worthy of approbation. Other qualities, qualities that indicate force of mind and warmth of feeling, as well as delicacy of taste, are necessary to make pleasing poetry; but these are also necessary to make pleasing prose. Every quality, in fact, that is advantageous to one of these species of composition, is advantageous to the other, except musical numbers, which would be absolutely ruinous to prose.

Inattention, or rather perhaps, a studied disregard, to the *harmonious*—a word which, if our doctrine be true, is synonymous with the *poetical*—structure of our language, is one of the faults, which we have to allege against Dr. Percival; although he does not exhibit it so uniformly, nor carry it to such an excess as to render it the principal one. But as many people who profess to be judges of poetry, and among others, no doubt, Dr. Percival himself, may not consider this a fault, we thought it but fair, since we intend to pronounce it such, to advance some reasons for our opinion.

Dr. Percival, however, as a writer offends in a more essential point than this, by enwrapping his ideas, especially in his longer poems, in such clouds of obscurity that there is frequently

no penetrating to his meaning. This is chiefly owing to the intolerable mass of verbiage in which his thoughts are clothed. A fondness for orientalisms and *prettinesses* of expression seems to be the besetting sin which he can never resist. It would appear to a reader of an unhacknied understanding, as if he thought poetry consisted altogether in metaphors; that simplicity and perspicuity of expression were beneath the dignity of the Muses; and that harmony of cadence, and musical numbers were mere incumbrances upon the wild freedom with which the nine deities should be permitted to drag us through all the entanglements and confusion of an ill-assorted, unconnected, and heterogenous mass of cogitations, conglomerated into one indefinable collection, by the wonderous instrumentality of that mighty father of discordance and grotesque originality, known by the name of *haphazard*.

We have, indeed, something more than conjecture for believing that Dr. Percival disdained to confine his Muse, when composing the greater part of the volume before us, within the bounds of accuracy, perspicuity and plain sense. We have it from under his own hand, recorded in one of his prefaces,\* that he would look upon it as "a mournful task to distil off the *vivida vis* that comes out in the happy moments of excitement, and reduce the living materials to a *caput mortuum* of chaste and sober reason."

Thus, chaste and sober reason is to be banished from the regions of poetry, and branded with the degrading name of *caput mortuum*, which in English means, almost literally, *blockheadism*. But the Doctor's antipathy to correct poetical writing is still more pointedly asserted in the same preface. "I do not like," says he, "that poetry which bears the mark of the file and the burnisher." Well, indeed, would it be for all slovenly and lazy verse-makers, if the world should be infected with the same dislike for polished versification, and intelligible and solid sense. Then the prolix mystifications of the *Haphazard poems* might have some chance of becoming popular. Then might they write on ceaselessly, and with as much carelessness

\* See preface to the second part of "Prometheus," published in 1822.



and prolixity as they please, without being obliged, as Dr. Percival in his peculiar mystical way, expresses it, "when there is a quick swell of passion, to press it down to its solid quintessence." No, no, this would be utterly incompatable with the sublimity of the poet's function. Whatever flowers or fruits his productions may happen to bear, the weeds which cover them from sight, and the thorns which guard them from detection, must be cleared away by no hand but the reader's own, who must submit to the task without regard to either fatigue or danger, before he can reach the fruit, which, after all his pains, it is probable he will find worth nothing.

But this writer goes on still more boldly to express his admiration of that confused and unsystematized style of poetry where meaning, when it can be found, is so difficult to be followed, that common patience cannot endure the toil; and of which the volume he has lately published affords too many examples. He says, "*I like*" (this elegant word *like* seems to be a favourite with him) "to see something savage and luxuriant in works of imagination, throwing itself out like the wild vines of the forest, rambling and climbing over the branches, and twining themselves into a maze of windings." Since such happens to be Dr. Percival's taste, he will meet with abundant gratification in the rhapsodical productions of John Neal, Esq. and some parts of Counsellor Philips's Speeches.

With such sentiments, it would be wrong to expect that Percival should treat us, in his effusions, with much of that polish, terseness, perspicuity, and neatness of composition, of which, we are old fashioned enough to confess ourselves admirers; and perhaps we should not blame him for not doing what he does not intend. But with his intentions we have no business. Here is his book before us. It is a tolerably large volume of poems, we have undertaken to criticise it, and we must do so as impartially as we can, without reference to the author's view's, intentions, prospects, connexions, or any other earthly consideration, except our duty to our own conscience and the public.

The first poem in the collection is in blank verse, and is entitled "*The Wreck, a Tale.*" It contains many beautiful passa-

ges, which sufficiently demonstrate that nature intended Dr. Percival for a poet; but the fostering of a bad taste has almost defeated her intentions, by leading him into a quaint and careless habit of versification, which renders the reading of his longer poems in particular, rather a task, than a recreation.

Dr. Percival must be sensible that poetry is generally read for pastime and pleasure, in times of relaxation from severer studies. The readers of it are, in consequence, rapid and frequently somewhat negligent in its perusal; at least, it is not one in ten of them, that can bear to have their faculties kept on the stretch in order to penetrate the poet's meaning. Force and ease, and, above every thing else, perspicuity should be studied both in the thoughts and the language. Now, although "the Wreck" does not offend quite so much in these particulars, as the poem which follows it, called "Prometheus," yet in perusing it, we felt under the unpleasant necessity of pausing in our progress and reperusing several passages, before we could exactly comprehend their meaning. That this was not altogether owing to our stupidity, we have reason to believe, from the circumstance of more than one of our friends whose acuteness of understanding is above the common level, having acknowledged to us the experiencing a similar difficulty. We do not deny that there is meaning in every passage of this poem, for we have always succeeded in detecting it when we were careful to bend our faculties to the task. What we complain of is, the necessity that obliged us to undertake this task, for like most other readers of poetry, we wish to read it at our ease.

Whether Dr. Percival had any model for his blank verse in view, when he first formed its structure, we cannot tell. From the predilection for metaphysics and the Spenserian stanza, which he has manifested in the long poem of "Prometheus," and from his avowed as well practical disregard of neat and correct versification, we might have supposed that he had Byron's style in view. But he differs from Byron in being less perspicuous, while he is more uniformly quaint and stately. He approaches nearer to the heavier, moralizing strain of Cowper. Indeed the tone of gloomy discontent, and morbid sensibility which



pervades the whole of this volume indicates a closer resemblance to the genius of the hypochondriacal Cowper, than to that of the cynical vituperative bard of the "Age of Bronze." The blank verse of Cowper, however, although seldom mellifluous, is almost uniformly accurate in respect to numbers, and seldom lays the accent on short and unemphatic syllables, a practise of Percival dreadfully destructive of harmony. Besides, Cowper is seldom so very abstract or figurative as to involve his meaning in obscurity, a fault which is the very worst that a writer, who designs to write sense at all, can commit, and one of which Dr. Percival's best friends acknowledge that he is often guilty. Cowper also, with all his seriousness, often indulges in a sprightly satirical vein of humour, which relieves the reader from the plodding contemplations induced by the graver passages, and prevents him from becoming fatigued in their perusal. But we cannot recollect in the whole of the three hundred and ninety-six pages of which the volume before us consists, one single deviation into any thing like humour or wit, that can afford the mind relief from the horrors of the never ceasing melancholly and despondency, that continue their doleful lamentations from one end of the book to the other.

We must not, from these remarks, be supposed to have any hostility to grave and pathetic poetry. On the contrary, that poetry which pleases us more than any other, is the poetry of feeling; and we would not give up the parting of Hector and Andromache for the most sublime and fiery description of a battle or a debate in the whole Iliad. But then before it can please, the poetry of feeling must be given to us in strains both impressive and perspicuous. We cannot bear it when it is shrouded in metaphors or buried in metaphysics, and for the plain reason that we have then to search for its meaning.

To show our readers that we have good grounds for what we have said concerning the obscurity, and want of melody and force in Percival's blank verse, we extract the following *brief* sentence of only forty seven lines, from the "Wreck," with the assurance that it is, by no means the worst constructed that this poem contains.

But nature still was in her, and she soon  
 Felt, that the fond affection of her sire,  
 And her lov'd tasks—the study of high thoughts,  
 Poured out in sainted volumes, which had been  
 Stamped in the mint of genius, and had come  
 Unhurt through darkest ages, bright as gems  
 That sparkle; though in dust—the skilful touch  
 Of instruments of music, and the voice  
 Sweet in its untaught melody, as birds  
 Clear warbling in the bushes, but attuned  
 To the just flow of harmony—the hand  
 That woke the forms of pencill'd life, and gave  
 Its colour of the violet, and its fire  
 To the dark eye, its blushes to the cheek,  
 And the lip its sweetness; or that drew  
 O'er the pure lawn the silken thread, and wove  
 The full leafed vine, and the luxuriant rose,  
 All petals and vermillion—or the walk  
 On the rude shore, to hear the rushing waves,  
 Or view the wide sea-sleeping—on the hill  
 To catch the living landscape, and combine  
 The miracles of nature in one full  
 And deep enchantment—or to trace the brook  
 Up to its highest fountain in the shade  
 Of a thick tuft of alders, and go down  
 By all its leaps and windings gathering there  
 The forest roses, and the nameless flowers,  
 That open in the wilderness and live  
 Awhile in sweetest loveliness, and die  
 Without an eye to watch them, or a heart  
 To gladden in their beauty, or in that,  
 The fondest to the pure and delicate,  
 The gentle deed of charity, the gift  
 That cheers the widow, or dries up the flow  
 Of a lone orphan's bitterness, the voice  
 The melting voice of sympathy, which heals,  
 With a far softer touch, the wounded heart,  
 Than the cold alms dropped by the scornful hand,  
 That flings the dole it grudges—such but tears  
 Anew the closed wound open; while the friend,  
 Who smiles when smoothing down the lonely couch,  
 And does kind deeds which any one can do,  
 Who has a feeling spirit, such a friend  
 Heals with a gentle balsam;—though her days  
 Passed on in such sweet labours, still she felt  
 Alone, and there was in her virgin heart  
 A void that all her pleasures could not fill.



Whoever can with satisfaction wade through such a mass of irrelevant and tautological clauses as this mammoth sentence exhibits, and, without fretting, suspend his curiosity to know its meaning until he arrives at the end of it, by which time he must have a truly miraculous memory, if he has not forgotten its beginning, must possess a degree of patient endurance with which, we confess, we are not gifted. We must also say, that whoever can discover in verses like the following, the accurate measurement of the five *iambic* feet, so essential to every line of blank verse where harmony is intended, must greatly surpass us in the knowledge of English prosody.

“Darts on a dove, and with a *motionless* wing.”

But the poem of the “Wreck” contains some beautiful passages, which show that Percival has the faculty of thinking as a true poet, however much the influence of bad taste may have prevented him from expressing himself as such. We select the following.

—————“Youth is the time of love,  
All other loves are lifeless, and but flowers  
Wreathed round decay, and with a livid hue  
Blowing upon a grave.”

The following description of a stormy ocean, is equal to any thing of the kind in poetry.

“The waves still rolled tremendously and burst  
Loud thundering on the rocks, they tossed the foam  
High up the hills, and ploughed the moving sands,  
Sweeping the fragments forth, then rushing back  
With a devouring strength that cleared the shore.”

The image which follows, is both beautiful and perspicuous; but placing the accent on such an unimportant word as the article *a*, injures the harmony, and it is a species of injury which Percival is too much in the habit of inflicting on his verses.

“A few short steps, she paused, and then sank down,  
As *a* flower sinks upon the new-mown turf.”

The following easy change in the arrangement of the words would have obviated this awkwardness in the sound.

As *sinks a flower* upon the new-mown turf.

We admit that the former style is sometimes useful for the purpose of variety, as an occasional discord is agreeable in mu-

sic ; but discords too often repeated become intolerable, whether in music, poetry, or life ; and Dr. Percival hesitates not to repeat them with unmerciful frequency in his verses.

We have laboured at the poem of "Prometheus" with heroic determination to read it through. It is divided into two parts, the first of which we managed to get over with great perseverance ; but the second completely *knocked us up*, and we abandoned the task in despair. Indeed, who that is made of flesh and blood, could bear to tug at upwards of two hundred such metaphysical, and almost unintelligible Spenserians as the following ?

Love is attraction, and attraction, love—  
 The meeting of two fond eyes, and the beat  
 Of two accordant pulses are above  
 Planets, that always tend, but never meet :  
 To us, that have a feeling, love is sweet,  
 The life of our existence, the great aim  
 Of all our hope and beauty—but they fleet,  
 Moments of fond endearment—years will tame  
 The electric throb of bliss, and quench the spirit's flame,

But yet there is to us a purer light,  
 And that is in the beautiful unfading,  
 The mould, wherein all phantoms of delight  
 Are fashion'd into loveliness ; the shading  
 Of earth may give in softness, kindly aiding  
 The weakness of our feeble nature, while  
 Mine has not fledg'd its pinions ; soon pervading  
 Space in its daring, as a long-sought isle,  
 It turns with naked gaze to that Eternal smile,

Whose charm is on the Universe, the blue  
 Mellow'd with light's fall essence on the sphere  
 Wrapping us in its mantle, whence the dew  
 Falls clear and pearly, like a tender tear  
 Shed on the hues, that fade so quickly here,  
 But are awhile so beautiful—the sea,  
 That smooths its gold, or as the light winds veer,  
 Crisps it, or decks it o'er with stars—the sea  
 Takes all it bath to charm, Eternal Love ! from thee.

The great fault of this poem is its heaviness and obscurity of expression. This is partly owing to its unfortunate versification,



and partly to the author's evident predilection for the profound in poetry, which, according to Martinus Scriblerus, delights in darkness.

There is in this volume, a doleful poem of nearly a hundred and fifty Elegiac stanzas, entitled the "Suicide," which no one of weak nerves ought to attempt reading. We are, we believe, as seldom assailed by the "Azure Demons," to use a polite phrase, as most of our neighbours, but really we could not peruse this gloomy production without quivering under their torturing grip. As a poem, however, we think this superior to "Prometheus," because it is less mystical and diffuse, and because in the structure of its verses there are fewer violations of the laws of prosody. We extract some stanzas which really possess much poetic merit.

'Twas where a granite cliff high beetling towered  
Above the billows of the western main,  
Deep in a grot, by sable yews embowered  
A youth retir'd to ponder and complain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dark, sullen, gloomy as the scene around,  
The soul that harbour'd in that youthful breast,  
To him the wild roar was a soothing sound,  
The only one could hush his woes to rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a savage sternness in his breast;  
No half-way passion could his bosom move,  
None e'er by him was scorn'd and then caressed;  
His was all gloomy hate or glowing love.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thou, arch moral murd'rer, hear my verse,  
Go—gorge and wallow in thy priestly sty,  
Than what thou art, I cannot wish the worse,  
There with thy kindred reptile crawl and die!

We agree with Dr. Johnson that the ten syllable quatrain is too stately in its march, and susceptible of too little variety in its tone to be agreeable in a long poem. Next to the unwieldy

sic ; but discords too often repeated become intolerable, whether in music, poetry, or life ; and Dr. Percival hesitates not to repeat them with unmerciful frequency in his verses.

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Dark, sullen, gloomy as the scene around,  
The soul that harbour'd in that youthful breast,  
To him the wild roar was a soothing sound,  
The only one could hush his woes to rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a savage sternness in his breast;  
No half-way passion could his bosom move,  
None e'er by him was scorn'd and then caressed;  
His was all gloomy hate or glowing love.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thou, arch moral murd'rer, hear my verse,  
Go—gorge and wallow in thy priestly sty,  
Than what thou art, I cannot wish the worse,  
There with thy kindred reptile crawl and die!

We agree with Dr. Johnson that the ten syllable quatrain is, too stately in its march, and susceptible of too little variety in its tone to be agreeable in a long poem. Next to the unwieldy

and monotonous Spenserian stanza we dislike this unbending quatrain, which, on account of its gloominess has obtained the appropriate appellation of the Elegiac stanza. Our language affords but one poem successfully written in it, namely, Gray's *Elegy*, the artist of which, however, did not disdain to employ in its manufacture a great deal of that care and labour which Dr. Percival professes to hold in such contempt. Gray's poem has also another unspeakable advantage for a production of this nature over Percival's, in not being one fifth part so long.

We may here observe, that as there is only one Elegiac quatrain poem in the language that we can read with unqualified approbation, so there is only one Spenserian that can afford us pleasure, that is Burns's "*Cotter's Saturday Night*." In this delightful production there is no prolixity to fatigue, no metaphysical wandering to perplex, no meretricious ornaments to overcloud, nor any straining at hyperbolical pomp to excite disgust. Every sentiment is natural, simple, and appropriate, and every expression easy, following, perspicuous, and harmonious; nor should it be forgotten among its other recommendations, that it occupies no reader more than ten minutes in the perusal. Would to Apollo, that we could say the same of every Spenserian poem in our language! But, ah!—what would then become of "*The Faery Queen*," of the Elder Bard, which it has been so long the fashion to praise, but never to read? What would become of it!—Why, we sincerely think that it is immaterial to the interests of English literature, what would become of it. There are few who derive any benefit from its perusal, for we really believe that there is not one individual in half a million who reads it at all, and the absurd fashion of praising it, has been, of late, extremely detrimental to the ease, harmony and elegance of our poetic style. Perhaps we have ventured too much in asserting that Spenser is so little read—but we are willing to abide by the expression. Dr. Percival, at least, cannot, with any good grace object to it; for should it be somewhat overstrained, we can point him out a thousand expressions in the volume before us incomparably more so. But we will go further and venture to assert that Dr. Percival himself, with all his admiration for the quaint inaccuracies of the Elizabethan bard, never read him through—as to Lord



Byron, who is the dubbed champion of Spenser's Muse, we do not think that he would take a thousand pounds to peruse the whole "Faery Queen." We really believe that he would rather write five thousand stanzas in imitation of it.

Want of room prevents us from saying much of the smaller poem in this volume. There are some of them very beautiful, and some of them very metaphysical, and consequently very *dull*. The latter are principally in blank verse, a species of composition which no man of similar talents, ever wrote so awkwardly as Percival. In one or two pieces, he has adopted a most clumsy description of verse—one which even the genius of Burns could not make tolerable. The Scottish Bard indeed tried it but once namely, in his lamentation for the "Wounded Hare"—and finding that it *limped* almost as painfully as even the object of his commiseration, he never tried it again. This measure is undeserving of a name; we shall therefore, give it none; and we ardently wish that it were eternally banished from the precincts of our poetry. The following is a specimen of it from Percival.

"There is a voice, and there is only one,  
Thrilling my bosom, as if tuned on high  
Amid the spheres revolving round the sky,  
Whose roll is temper'd to the sweetest tone,  
Whose blended harmonies are heard at night,  
Now falling distant, now ascending nigh,  
And with the saffron burst of dawning light,  
Peal like the long loud clarion swell of fight,  
When columns in the deadly charge rush by."

Whoever can discover in these lines either the sweetness of regular rhyme, or the majesty of well written blank verse, must have sensations extremely different from ours.

In some of his smaller pieces, however, where he has adopted a consistent and regular mode of rhyming, Percival is transcendently excellent. We here give a few specimens. They will shew that nature has endowed the author with the highest talents for poetry, and that cherishing an unfortunate taste for *abstract sentimentalizing* and uncouth versification alone has prevented him from equalling, if not surpassing the most pleasing and classical poets of our age.

There's a voice that is heard in the depth of the sky,  
 Where nothing is seen, but the blue-tinted Heaven;  
 That voice with the wind rolls its mellowness by,  
 And a few notes alone to our fond ears are given:  
 The spirit, who sings it, still hastens away,  
 He is doom'd round the wide earth for ever to roam,  
 He may settle a moment, but never will stay,  
 For he ne'er found and will never find here a home.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

O! that voice is the dirge, that for ever is sung  
 O'er the wreck and the ruin of beauty and love,  
 But in ears that are deaf, is its melody flung,  
 There are none, who will listen, but pure ones above:  
 O! Earth is no place for the spirit, who feels  
 Every wound of the heart with the pang of despair,  
 He will mourn and be never at home till he steals  
 To the skies, and the bright world, that welcomes him there.

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There are hours, there are minutes, which memory brings  
 Like blossoms of Eden, to twine round the heart;  
 And as time rushes by on the might of his wings,  
 They may darken awhile, but they never depart:  
 O! these hallowed remembrances cannot decay,  
 But they come on the soul with a magical thrill,  
 And in days that are darkest, they kindly will stay,  
 And the heart in its last throb will beat with them still.

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My heart was a mirror, that showed every treasure  
 Of beauty and loveliness life can display;  
 It reflected each beautiful blossom of pleasure,  
 But turned from the dark looks of bigots away;  
 It was living and moving with loveliest creatures,  
 In smiles or in tears as the soft spirit chose;  
 Now shining with brightest and ruddiest features,  
 Now pale as the snow of the dwarf mountain rose.

A

These visions of sweetness forever were playing,  
 Like butterflies fanning the still Summer air;  
 Some sported a moment, some never decaying,  
 In deep hues of love are still lingering there;  
 At times some fair spirit descending from Heaven,  
 Would shroud all the rest in the blaze of its light;  
 Then woodnymphs and fays, o'er the mirror were driven,  
 Like the fire-swarms that kindle the darkness at night.



But the winds and the storms broke the mirror and severed,  
 Full many a beautiful angel in t'ain;  
 And the tempest raged on till the fragments were shiver'd  
 And scattered, like dust as it rolls o'er the plain:  
 One piece which the storm in its madness neglected  
 Away, on the wings of the whirlwind to bear,  
 One fragment was left, and that fragment reflected  
 All the beauty that MARY threw carelessly there.

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Our eagle shall rise 'mid the whirlwinds of war,  
 And dart through the dun cloud of battle his eye—  
 Shall spread his wide wings o'er the tempest afar  
 O'er spirits of valour that conquer or die.  
 And ne'er shall the rage of the conflict be o'er,  
 And ne'er shall the worm blood of life cease to flow,  
 And still 'mid the smoke of the battle shall soar  
 Our Eagle—till scattered and fled be the foe.  
 When peace shall disarm war's dark brow of its frown,  
 And roses shall bloom on the soldier's rude grave—  
 Then honour shall weave of the laurel a crown,  
 That Beauty shall bind on the brow of the brave.

It was the appearance of such effusions as these in the public prints of the Union, that deservedly gained for Percival a poetical reputation which the contents of this volume will by no means exalt. We are solicitous for the poetic fame of America, and we think that Percival possesses powers which, under the regulation of good taste, would not fail to raise it to an envied height. He has a vivid imagination, a brilliant fancy, and a warm and feeling heart. He possesses, also, a readiness of conception, and an evident rectitude of moral principle of which many of our present writers cannot boast. These qualities, if combined with a classical taste and brought to the task of poetic composition, could not fail to produce strains which would delight the world and render their author's fame as immortal as literature itself.

We seriously wish that Percival would render himself master of the ten syllable couplet of Dryden and Pope. Let him explore the causes of its varied and never-tiring harmony, its sweetness of cadence, and its majesty of movement; and he will become convinced that it is the most appropriate of all English verses for subjects of length and dignity. Let him also endeavour to be

less metaphysical and sombre in his ideas; and discipline his muse to perspicuity, ease and melody of diction. He will then delight all his readers. We could then wish him to select some important subject of universal interest in the annals of his country, on which to employ his pen; and while he is working at it, let him not disdain to alter, to condense, to polish and refine; let him not be ashamed to exhibit in his manuscripts the *variæ lectiones*, for which, in the preface already mentioned, he affects to sneer at Pope—and he will then, we have not the smallest doubt, produce a standard poem, no matter whether it be called an epic or not, (although it would add to our gratification if it deserved that title,) which will remain an everlasting monument both to his own and his country's honour.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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### THE DUELLIST.

Hurt honour, in an evil—cursed hour,  
 Drove me to murder —————  
 My honesty—sweet peace of mind—all—all!  
 Are bartered for a name!

COLMAN, JR.

Some months ago, I paid a visit to the seat of my friend Henry Howard, whom I had not seen for several years; and during the short time that I spent with him, many a pleasing hour was passed in recalling the recollection of departed days, and in conjuring up the occurrences of other years. Circumstances which had then recently transpired, introduced in the course of conversation, the subject of Duelling, and as the relation, which my friend then gave me, was of a very interesting nature I take the liberty to repeat it in detail.

“I was once” said he “on the eve of becoming a participator in this deplorable practice. An acquaintance had challenged me on some trifling occasion, and being then young, thoughtless and spirited, I deemed I could not as a *man of honour* refuse the call. I had accordingly sat down in the height of my anger, to write an acceptance, when the letter which I now hold was brought me by a servant. It was sent to me by a friend, who



had been bitterly taught in the school of experience, and who having casually heard of my quarrel, considered it a duty to prevent what might have been the fatal consequences. To it I owe the change of my views—my peace—my happiness—perhaps my life. I shall therefore read it to you without further preface.”

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“I heard, my young friend, that you have received a challenge, and I have further understood that your intention is to accept it. Permit me to request, before the die is cast, that you will pause one moment, and listen to the story of one, who like you was once happy, and might still have been so had the voice of friendly admonition been sounded before him. How miserable he *has been*, how wretched he *now is*, tongue cannot tell.

“It is not my intention to enter into argument with you on the subject. Objections to duelling have been often repeated, and your own good sense will suggest them all; I shall merely offer you a recital of my sorrows and sufferings, and leave you to *feel* for yourself.

“One of my earliest friends and associates, was Albert Harding. We had known each other from infancy—we had coned our tasks, and played our games, and shared our grievances together,—and we had grown up like two twin trees, that cling closer as they advanced in size. Many is the hour of unalloyed bliss that winged its unobserved flight over us, in that sweet season of innocence, when our sports had no pleasure, unless they were mutually partaken. Would that I had sunk into death at that blessed period, for then I should have been spared the pain of that dreadful reverse, which I have since experienced! But I must not dwell upon that period; for it makes my heart ache, and my eyes tearful, whenever I look back into the past, and see those happy days, like a bright constellation, shining through the darkness of succeeding years. Suffice it to say, that our childhood passed serenely away, amidst the interchange of more than fraternal affections, till at length the lapse of eighteen years, gave us the signal of approach to manhood. We now both entered into the world—but it was not capable of changing our hearts; we had not indeed the opportunity of meeting so frequently as we had before done, but our friendship remained unbroken. At length, however, an incident occurred, which was destined to mar our peace for ever.

I had casually discovered that Albert was attached to an amiable young lady in our vicinity, with whom I also had some acquaintance: but I did not then know that his affections were so deeply engaged, as I had afterward reason to believe they were. I undertook to rally him on the subject, and at first he bore with

me calmly and patiently. I was in a most mischievous humour at the time, and pursued my raillery with little mercy. Still he continued to take my impertinence in good part. I urged the seige, until at length I fairly ran down his good nature, and he lost his equanimity, denouncing me in round terms as an absolute fool." I told him that was an expression I had not expected from him, but still I continued to tease him, and left little unsaid that could make him and the object of his attentions appear ridiculous. All this was done in a spirit of good humour on my part, but I ought to have known that it was trifling too much with an easy and pliant temper. One bitter word led to another, till we both became fairly irritated, and forgot what we owed to each other as fellow creatures and as friends. A vague and hasty insinuation against my character, which he threw out in the height of his anger, I considered as an unpardonable offence. I told him fiercely that he should repent the words he had uttered, and flung from him full of the inspiration of revenge.

"I immediately went home, and in the extacy of my rage, wrote and despatched him a challenge to meet me the next morning. It was briefly answered in the course of a few hours, with the expression of a perfect willingness on his part to give me all the satisfaction my rage could desire, and concluding with a taunting threat, that I should "*meet the chastisement my insolence deserved.*"

"I did not sleep much that night; for I must confess I had begun to repent somewhat of my rashness. I saw that I had effected a fearful change in my condition. I had made my bosom friend my open enemy; I had turned myself in burning wrath against him, whom I had before loved with the warmest affection; in short, I had, through my own imprudence, lost the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my riper years,—my best and only confidant. Conscience loudly declared that an apology might restore him, and that it was no more than my duty, under all the circumstances of the case, to make one; but pride stepped in and whispered that I had been insulted—that an apology on my part would be degradation—and that now I had entered upon the business, there was no retreating with *honour*, and I must go on. So I discharged conscience from her duty, and deliberately resolved to murder my dearest friend!

"After a night of restless agitation, the fatal morning came; and though it arose in its usual brightness, with all its dewy softness and beauty, yet it was a morning of gloom to me; for I was going to the commission of a deed, which my heart could not warrant, nor my conscience approve. I dressed myself



with an agitated hand,—put my pistols into my pocket, and slipping quietly out of the house, hastened to the appointed spot. Albert was already waiting with his second, and mine had also preceded me.—I scowled darkly on my opponent, but I thought he looked as if he pitied me. Why should he do so?—I did not want his pity!—The pity of an enemy! Oh! no! I hated him the worse that he should look compassionate. The seconds examined our weapons, and ten paces were agreed on as the distance. We took our stations, back to back—measured the ground—reached the point—turned—and fired!!—Albert's pistol was first discharged, and ere I had time to know that I was uninjured, mine had taken its effect. The first thing that I beheld after the awful momentary shudder had passed, was the victim of my revenge stretched insensible on the ground!—Shall I pretend to describe my sensations at this moment? O! no! were I to make the attempt, I should do injustice to feelings, for which language has no parallel. He was wounded in the breast, and the crimson stream of life was pouring forth in torrents. With the first gush, my hatred died away.—I now felt that I loved him more than ever; but alas! it was too late! I threw myself on my knees beside him; I clasped his cold hand, and sat watching in mute and breathless agony for the appearance of that animation, which I feared would never return. How long I remained in this situation I cannot tell—for insensibility came to my relief, and when I recovered I found myself lying at home on my bed. I saw the anxious faces of my friends about me, but the memory of what had passed, was confused, dim and indistinct. I was in a state of high fever, and it was necessary I should be kept quiet. All my friends left me but my mother, and she sat silently watching at my bed side. There I lay—tearless and sleepless—and the remembrance of the direful incidents came upon me, one by one, in thoughts of burning agony. I tossed and turned and turmeiled on my couch, but there was no rest, and it seemed as if my whole body was wrapped in one sheet of flame!—O! that I could forget the horrors of that dreadful night! that I could cast them for ever into the depths of oblivion, where they should be remembered no more! After a while they gave me an opiate, and I slept—but sleep was worse than wakefulness, for it brought with it dreams so terrific, that the very recollection of them is anguish. Methought I was in some place of wild unreality, such as we often traverse in our night visions, and was standing there alone, with a naked poignard in my hand; presently there came one whom I knew to be my friend, and he smiled upon me; but I was full of strong passions, and his smile was like poison, and I seemed hurried forward by some invisible power, which I struggled to resist, until my dagger

had pierced the heart of the phantom before me. Then as I drew it away, I thought the blood bursted forth and covered me with a shower. At length he vanished, and I thought there arose in his place, a frightful demon, who seized me ere I was aware, and dragging me to the end of a dreadful precipice, made me look down into a hideous abyss, into which, every moment, he threatened to plunge me. I shuddered and awoke with a scream.

“After a long and dreary night, the day dawned, and then for the first time I thought to enquire of Albert. They told me he was alive. With the word, hope came to my pillow, and I enjoyed a short and quiet slumber. After this refreshment, I felt myself better, and I began rapidly to mend. The next day I was able to go out, and my first object was to visit my poor victim. I went into his chamber—he was lying on his bed, pale and languid; it was a sight I could scarcely endure, for my heart said within me “Thou art the fiend who has created this!” I sat down by his side—took his hand and burst into tears. I could not articulate a word. When I had become somewhat composed I said, “Albert, I hope”——But he interrupted me. “Oh no!” said he “do not hope! there is no hope now! it is too late; I cannot live—it will all soon be over! but I wanted to see you, Charles, before I departed, that I might ask your forgiveness!” “Forgiveness!” cried I, “forgiveness! it is *I* who need forgiveness at *your* hands, and it was *that* which I came to ask! Am I not your murderer? It is the *in-jurer* and not the *injured*, who stands in need of pardon. Oh! Albert! do not ask forgiveness of *me*!” “Yes, Charles, I must: I am deeply to blame for having accepted your call; had my pride only allowed me to refuse, how much anguish I should have saved you. For myself, it is no matter!” Albert! Albert! do not talk thus, you will drive me mad! I have nothing against you; every thing is forgiven; only say that you pardon *me*!” He raised himself gently in the bed, and opened his arms; I threw myself upon his bosom. “Yes, Charles, all that I have to pardon in thee is past, and as we forgive each other now, so may we find mercy at the throne of Heaven!” These were his last words—he sunk quietly back upon the pillow—and shortly after was no more. It is awful to think how I stood tottering on the narrow isthmus between hope and despair. O! that I could blot that period forever from the annals of existence! I would not live it over, if by doing so I could purchase worlds.

“I stood and gazed upon his cold and pallid form as he lay extended in death, and as I gazed, the world and all its pleasures seemed like vanity to me. Above all I could not help reflecting with intolerable anguish, how utterly insignificant had been the



cause of all the distress before me. A few idle words, unguardedly uttered, had done all this! And what were they at last? Merely the thoughtless effervescence of a ruffled temper! And yet insignificant as they were, they had quenched life—they had destroyed peace—they had blasted hopes—they had blighted prospects—they had cut down the flower that ought to have bloomed for many a long year, in the midst of its youthful glory—they had made me the assassin of my friend! These were my own thoughts, tearing at the root of my happiness; while the bereaved mother, and the sighs and tears of mourning brothers and sisters were every moment fixing the arrows of remorse in my heart! Oh! what would I not have given, had I possessed the power to restore the life I had taken away!—But I am going beyond bounds; I did not intend to have carried my narration so far; but it seemed to be my duty to warn you of the horrors that await such a course as that I have pursued. From that time to the present, I have never known the sweet peace which I enjoyed before. I have indeed derived some consolation from the remembrance that I obtained my friend's forgiveness; and I trust I have now also obtained it from a higher source: but the recollection of that period is a gloomy spectre that haunts me in every walk of life, and its evil events have cast a deep shade over my existence, that will stretch forward even to the very verge of the grave! Pardon me, my young friend, for detaining you so long; but believe me, I have your welfare much at heart. I leave this detail without comment, trusting it may warn you against the commission of an error, which will bring with it unceasing repentance, and unconquerable misery. If it have the least effect in preserving you in peace and innocence, I shall then have the satisfaction of believing, that my many sufferings have not been entirely in vain."

"CHARLES WOODLEY."

"After reading this" said Henry, as he laid down the letter, "my views were entirely altered, and I turned with horror from the project, which I was before in the very act of undertaking. The pen which I had taken up to write an acceptance to the challenge, I now used to endite an apology. An explanation followed in course—our disagreement was adjusted—and our friendship restored. What the result would have been had I acted otherwise, it is impossible to say; but there is reason to believe that the consequences of an opposite course, however they might have eventuated, would have been of a nature most truly deplorable and unhappy."

Q.

## THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

WHEN we survey the extensive dominion embraced by the Government of the United States, it is not without emotions of sublimity that the mind rests on the Mississippi, now acknowledged to be the greatest river of the World; nor without sensations of the beautiful, that it contemplates the fertile valley, whose thousand streams form that majestic river. If the celebrated Volney, was the first scientific traveller, who gave a general delineation of the *basin* of the Mississippi, it remained for American enterprize, in the progress of population towards the West, to investigate its resources, determine the extent and magnitude of its streams, and fix its boundaries. It must for ever be a source of pleasant reflection to the humane mind, that by far the greater part of that delightful country, has been annexed to the domains of the Union, by purchasing of its European claimants, as well as of its aboriginal possessors; and not by the rude grasp of war. This circumstance cannot fail to bring to our recollection, what must always remain dear to the memory of Pennsylvanians, the first treaty of the great founder of our State, with the original inhabitants of its native wilds, at once the basis of its early prosperity, and the boast of the philanthropist. The enquiry seems naturally to arise, is the valley of the Mississippi to assist in the perpetuation of those immutable principles which distinguished the founder of Pennsylvania, justice, toleration and equality of rights, the pillars of every good government; or is it to become a seat of despotism and a land of bondage, to the millions who will be spread over its surface to reproach the name of republicans, or reprobate the policy of their ancestors. These are questions of no common interest. The critical moment has perhaps, already passed, which fixes forever the future condition of a great part of that country; and the period is fast approaching, which may seal the miserable destiny of the whole. There is yet however, a gleam of hope to the friend of humanity, that the delusive influence of avarice may be withstood, and whilst this remains, neither patriotism nor religion will permit him to slumber. If he can in the smallest degree be instrumental in the removal of that delusion, in bringing to the light of reason, if not of religion, those who are about to lay a foundation for the misery of millions, to perpetuate the course of slavery to their



offspring, he will feel that reward of internal peace, which results from a conscientious discharge of duty to his fellow man. To this momentous subject let every heart be moved, and every pen directed, that is desirous of the future welfare of our country, and capable of assisting to shield it from additional pollution.

When Louisiana was annexed to the United States, negro slavery already existed within its bounds, having been introduced by that same European policy which had rendered it the bane of the Colonies of Great Britain, in North America. As however, the population of that country was small, it was fondly hoped by those who considered the manner of its annexation as auspicious to its future happiness, that the principles on which our revolution was founded, and the declared sentiments of its fathers in relation to slavery, would so far influence legislative proceedings, as to prevent its extension to the States which might be expected to arise out of that extensive territory. Had it been believed at the time of its purchase, that Louisiana was to become a nursery for slave-holding States, that it was to prove instrumental in fostering the greatest stigma on our republican institutions, in bringing to maturity that enemy most likely to produce their eventual destruction, by severing into adverse elements that beautiful system of Union, the most perfect of human wisdom for the promotion of human happiness which the world has ever witnessed; the voice of Columbia's Sons would have been raised in peals of thunder against it, and the delusive influence of interest would have been sacrificed on the altar of patriotism. The time, however, had not arrived which brought fully into view the probable consequences of this annexation; nor did it arrive until the question of receiving into the fraternity of States, the Territory of Missouri, was presented to the consideration of the Legislature of the Union. Missouri may with propriety be considered the first born of a new marriage contract, and its birth gave rise to that ever memorable struggle which has apparently fixed the condition of all the future offspring. The latitude of  $36^{\circ} 3' N.$  was established as the line, imaginary indeed, between those embryo States which on the one side are to be brought forth with the fair and unsullied aspect of republicanism; on the other with the indelible stigma of slavery. Charity would lead us to hope that the sacrifice of principle which accompanied the establishment of such a line, was not made without the fullest conviction, not only that the happiness, but the very existence of the Union, depended on it. Nothing short of the most imperative necessity could sanction such an unnatural arrangement, and if made under that circumstance, it was certainly to be presumed

that it was completed in such way, as to place its execution beyond the possibility of future doubt. This remains yet to be decided: and the day is not perhaps distant when it will be acknowledged, that no contract between virtue and avarice, as common parents, can insure the predominance of either of those principles in the offspring.—Already are we called on to witness a struggle between them, the more remarkable, as it has arisen in a quarter the least expected. That Missouri, originally imbued with the stain of slavery, and containing a mixed population no inconsiderable proportion of which, educated under a different form of government could feel but lightly the influence of those stern maxims of republicanism, which distinguished the origin of the confederacy, should claim the constitutional establishment of slavery, is no extraordinary circumstance in the history of man: but that Illinois, nurtured in the bosom of the republic and liberated from apprenticeship on condition of perpetual adherence to the immutable law, that all men are born free, should now seek, in defiance of that condition and without regard to parental authority, to introduce slavery within its borders, is one of the most appalling facts recorded in the history of our republic.

Should success accompany this effort, should that noble band of patriots in Illinois who have bared their breasts to the gathering storm, be overwhelmed by the whirlwinds of avarice—or should the efforts of the Philanthropists in every part of the Union, fail to arrest its course by opposing the strong barriers of reason and religion; how can this nation raise its voice against the union of the legitimates of Europe, in the “Holy Alliance,” avowedly to prevent the extension of liberal principles: or hold forth its example to the world as an evidence, that on those principles can alone be founded the true political happiness of man. It is not however too late to hope for a result more auspicious to that cause which should be dear to us all. Let then, the exertions of those who feel its importance, be united in aid of that band in Illinois, on the success of whose noble efforts rests the crisis.

If it is believed by some that man in his natural state, possesses an inherent disposition to obtain dominion over his fellows, such an idea will not be admitted with respect to man, regenerated by the influence of the pure principles of Christianity. When therefore we behold, in professing Christians, evidence of the existence of that disposition, we are naturally led to enquire, from whence does it originate? What is it that has abolished in the mind that simple yet divine law, “Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.”—That leads those who would revolt at the idea of being deprived the appellation of



christians, to deny their professions in the most prominent feature of their conduct? The answer is obvious, it is the love of money, emphatically pronounced to be "the root of all evil." Charity would lead us to believe it possible that those who have received their education in slave holding states, or who are in possession of slaves by inheritance, may be insensible of the influence of this evil propensity; but different is it with those who wish to introduce slavery where it never existed, on the cold calculation of interest! To combat such, if dead to every other feeling, we might descend to their own mode of reasoning, and show that their calculations of *interest* are erroneous, they are saved however this labour by the able investigation of a disinterested foreigner, Adam Hodgson, of Liverpool, whose views on the subject of the comparative productiveness of the labour of freemen and slaves, have recently been presented to the American public. After a careful examination, he concluded that the former was at least twenty-five per cent. more advantageous than the latter. We cannot too strongly recommend this work to the examination of the citizens of Illinois. If however they are disposed to question the correctness of these calculations, we would call their attention to that confirmation which is furnished within the bounds of our own country, by the comparative condition of the slave holding and non-slave holding states. The difference is so decidedly in favour of the latter, not merely in wealth, and in the possession of those comforts and conveniences of life, esteemed essential to the happiness of man, but in the superiority of moral and religious advancement, that minute comparisons are not necessary for its elucidation. But we trust the minds of our fellow citizens of Illinois, are not so debased, as to be subject to the exclusive controul of *interested* motives: that there is yet room left for the influence of those more worthy to direct the movements of republicans and professing christians. Surely they have not forgotten the source from whence they sprang, the nature of their obligations to that federative chain, of which they form an important link, nor the professed objects of every virtuous and enlightened government. By birth, or adoption, they are the children of those parents who founded this republic on the broad basis of equal rights, and universal toleration—who proclaimed to the world that all men were born free.—who made an exertion to obliterate the marks of bondage from the land, and fixed the boundaries, in the uncultivated wilderness of the West, beyond which, in the march of population and growth of States, the contaminating influence of slavery should not be felt. To the principles of such parents some respect is certainly due; and still more to those wise determinations which could have originated only from a regard to the welfare of future

generations. But if these considerations are without influence, we would ask the people of Illinois calmly to inquire, for what purpose have we formed a constitution? Is it to gratify views of immediate interest? or to secure happiness to ourselves and posterity, under the blessing of mild and equitable laws? If for the former, they admit the existence of a disposition contrary to the usual feelings of humanity, and alike unworthy of a patriot and a christian. If the latter it is impossible to reconcile it with the introduction of slavery. Do they expect to repose on their pillows in peace and safety surrounded by slaves? or to secure the happiness of their children by rearing them under the demoralizing influence of such a population, and leaving them beds of thorns? Is it necessary to call to their recollection the impressive lesson which is furnished, not only by the servile wars of the Lacedemonians and Romans, but by the deteriorating effects of slavery on the political institutions of those ancient States? Or if the historic pages of those republics are not sufficient to bring them to reflection, must we refer to the more recent and more appalling insurrection of St. Domingo! The horrid scenes which there accompanied the strife of slaves for freedom, have been followed by their uncontrolled possession of one of the finest Islands in the world—Such inhuman proceedings we may be told, are unjustifiable; and so unquestionably they are, by the pure doctrines of christianity, but before any one, whether professing these doctrines or not, undertakes to condemn the slaves of St. Domingo, let him enquire in his own bosom, what would have been my conduct had I been a slave in St. Domingo? If the secret reply of his soul is, I should have sacrificed all that is dear, even my life, for liberty, he justifies the negro.

It is by no means pleasant to recal scenes at which humanity shudders, and nothing short of a conviction of the necessity on this occasion, could have induced us to bring them to the view of our fellow citizens of the West. Many strong inducements might yet be brought forward to influence their conduct, but if those already noticed are not sufficient, we must despair of producing conviction. We cannot however take leave of the subject, without calling their attention to these questions:—Do you desire the rich and beautiful Valley of the Mississippi to become the inheritance of freemen, your descendants, citizens of many independent States, forming, perhaps, the centre of that great confederation of republics, whose dominion is to extend from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific? Or would you rather that it should be possessed by your slaves, the murderers of our children; or perhaps by a base population arising from the connection of those slaves with your sons and your daughters? He who possesses one spark of patriotism can



find no difficulty in replying to the first; and he who has one grain of humanity should refuse his sanction to the introduction of slavery into any of the new States, that he may not become instrumental in effecting the latter. Do not stifle conviction with the reflection, that such a result is not even possible. Look at the rapid increase of slave population in our Southern States; and consider how many circumstances are now operating to consolidate it on the basin of the Mississippi. Do you not see reason to dread that the foundations of an Empire of coloured population in that quarter, are already laid, and that every step taken by the new States, forming on the waters of that river, to introduce slavery, is but an addition to the superstructure. Let the States that are free from this infatuation, and particularly those beyond the Ohio, created to be free, not only refuse their aid to that superstructure, but lend their assistance to prevent its growth. Thus may they secure the blessings of peace and happiness to generations yet unborn.

But if neither patriotism, reason, nor religion, can arrest that infatuation which would introduce slavery into the new States of the West, we must conclude that in the order of providence, it is intended that the delightful valley of the Mississippi shall be possessed by the oppressed descendents of Africa, as a temporal compensation for their manifold sufferings since the discovery of America. That the name, "An American," is to become a reproach; the name "A Republican," a bye-word, to sanction legitimacy in Europe, and uphold despotism in its worst forms, throughout the vast regions of Asia.

AMES.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## Domestic Sketches.

No. III.

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### MORNING VISITS.

The family of Mr. Drugget, assembled around the breakfast table at a late hour, on the morning succeeding the Ball. After the customary salutations had passed, the conversation turned on the events of the preceeding evening. "Well, thank God," said Mr. Drugget, "it's over, and I hope I shall have some comfort at last, for ever since you got this notion in your heads,

there has been nothing talked of but the Ball, and the *shandaleres* and the *jerry doles*. I never sot down to meals but I heard something about *flumes* or *buy a deers* or some *specious* or other of unnecessary expiditure, but, its over, and I hope you'll not ask me to do the like *agen* this many a day."

"La, Pa," replied Charlotte, "how you do talk! why I wouldn't have missed giving a Ball, for ever so much—we wouldn'tha' been ask'd out this winter, but now I guess we shall have a rack full of *inwites*; let me see, there's Miss. Street, and Miss. Thomson, and Nancy Moore, and the two Miss Smiths, and"—

Car. No, no, no fear of the Smith's, the old man would see them *fur* enough; poor things! he thinks they an't like other girls, they never have on any thing that's decent.

Char. Well, well, we won't count them—but I guess we'll have a gay time of it.

Car. But Pa, didn't our rooms look fine with the lamps and *spermacetti* candles, how much better them kind of candles is than tallow—and the music was so fine!

Mr. D. Why yes, they looked grand enough, but for all that, there's no good that I can see in being cooped up among a parcel of people, in a hot *atmerspere* so that one can't draw his *wital* breath in comfort.

Mrs. D. Well, but my dear, we must indulge the girls now and then; I'm sure you can afford it very well. For my part, if it hadn't been for that awkward Phil. Dowlas, that stumbled *agen* Bill's elbow, and knocked the things off of the waiter, I think it would have been a very pleasant time.

Car. Yes, the careless good for nothing *feller*, he's always looking about six ways for Sunday, when he's walking—I wish he'd stay at home and his sisters too. If I'd had my way I wouldn't have asked one single soul of them.

Mr. D. Hush girl! remember, they've got no father to take care of them, as you have—Poor Dowlas! when we were 'prentices together, many's the good turn he did for me, and I won't hear of slighting his children, now he's gone. So saying, the worthy man wiped off with the back of his hand a tear which had started in his eye—For a few moments the "*cacoethes loquendi*" seemed to have ceased among the girls, but the silence was soon broken.

"How in the world" said Caroline, "shall we manage to send home that big lustre, we borrowed from Mrs. Bedford?"

Char. Why, there's Bill and Dick, what's to hinder us?

Car. Bill and Dick, who'd ever trust them with such a thing! The first thing we'd hear, would be, that one of them slipped his foot and it got broke—that 'd be a pretty *how d'ye do*, indeed!



Mrs. D. Leave that to me, I'll get it home. Do you set to, and move all things out of the front parlour into the next room : and have the carpet put down, and tell Molly to make up a fire, for we shall have them making morning calls, soon ; and, Bill, take away the breakfast things.

So saying, Mrs. Drugget and her daughters, left the undisturbed possession of the apartment to Mr. D. who taking up the morning papers soon forgot all the anxieties of life in the perusal of the foreign news. Not so the rest of the family who sallied en masse to the theatre of last evening's enjoyment.

The appearance of a room the morning after an entertainment has been given in it, always produces in my mind some thoughts of a gloomy nature. The contrast between the well lighted and spacious apartment surrounded by the gay dresses and smiling countenances of youth and beauty, enlivened by the busy hum of general conversation, or vibrating to the measured step of the graceful dancer, and the same apartment, cold, deserted, the chairs in confusion, the floor uncarpeted, and littered with orange peel, the candles with long stalactites dependant from them, seldom fails to cause some reflections on the evanescent nature of sublunary happiness. Our ladies were not sufficiently sentimental, and much too busy to experience any such feelings at present. The whole efficient corps were ordered on duty, the folding doors were opened, chairs thrust, pell mell, into the back room, candlesticks, lustres and all the other light-bearing articles dismantled, andirons carried into the kitchen for immediate cleaning, and empty wine-glasses, piles of plates, broken pieces of pound-cakes, &c. were hurried off to the same vulcanian apartment. These operations were effected amid the clamour of half a dozen voices, in all the varied tones of entreaty, command, apprehension, and impatience.

"Now, Dick, *do* be careful with that glass," cried Mrs. D. "lift it up higher or you won't be able to unhook it." Set down that lamp, Molly, or you'll drop it, directly," said Charlotte, "stop, stop," vociferated Caroline "you'll pull down that girondole, don't you see your *gownd's* fast to the branch."

Mrs. D. Was ever woman plagued with such a nincompoop! There now, a little higher—stop—that'll do, no, no.—more this way." "Ah!!" shrieked the trio, as one of the bearers of a large looking-glass slipped in descending from a chair which he had mounted for the purpose of unhooking the mirror. Fortunately the article remained uninjured ; but the unfortunate servant did not escape a storm of reproaches, which we are unwilling to repeat, but it will not be difficult for some of our fair readers to imagine. At last, by dint of much scolding and repeated cautions.

the room was cleared of all the borrowed finery, which was safely deposited in the adjoining parlour, the carpet was replaced, the fire kindled, and the room again looked as Mrs. Drugget thought and said "something like"

These important matters consumed the greater part of the morning, and as the fashionable hour for morning visits, was near, the ladies retired to dress. In a few minutes the bell rang violently; Bill who by this time had recovered from the effects of his too hasty descent from the chair, ran to the door.

Enter, Miss. Robbins, Miss. and Mr. Lovet—Bill ushers them into the parlour; the ladies not having completed their toilet, the company were necessarily left alone, until that desirable event should take place. This time they employed in remarking on the furniture, criticising the paintings with which the room was ornamented, &c. In due time, Miss. Drugget and her sister appeared, the usual scene of embracing was performed between the ladies, and a bow of Mr. Lovet, was returned by a curtsey.

Char. I hope you took no cold last evening?

Miss. L. O no, my dear, no cold, but such an accident!!

Char. and Car. An accident!!

Miss. L. Yes, just as we got to the corner, our driver who was *intosticated*, run the wheel up on the curb stone, just as we were turning the corner, and tumbled us over in the street as nice as could be.

Char. and Car. Good gracious! I hope you were not hurt!

Miss. L. Bless your soul, no, it was such an adventure, "O we'll all be kill'd" cried ma "Help, help," screamed Bell, Nancy, there (pointing to Miss Robbins) went into a 'sterick, and I laugh'd till I thought I should ha' died.

Char. But didn't the horses run off?

Miss. L. No, by good luck they stood still, but Ma, and Bell, and Nancy hollow'd loud enough to have frightened a whole team.

Car. How *did* you get out?

Miss. L. Oh Augustus (her brother) and two or three other gentlemen, saw us go over, and came running up directly and opened the door. I scrambled out, but Ma laid groaning in the coach, and Bell screamed, "I'm dead, I'm dead." However, we got them all out, and d'ye think, not one of them was hurt for all the noise.

Miss. R. Well, but I was so frightened, and the carriage upset with such a smash.

Char. No wonder, for my part, I should have died, but I wonder how the man could have upset you?

Mr. L. Why, ma'am, he was going at a *perdigious* rate, and turning the corner quick, the thing overset, and I thought at first, the whole body was smash'd to flinders.



Car. But how is your Ma, and Bell, this morning?

Miss. L. Ma, says her na'arves are disordered, and Bell's got cold from being 'sposed to the air, they told me to 'pollygize for their not coming this morning.

Char. and Car. They're very 'cuseable, I'm sure.

More company now entered, and the former groupe took leave.

Miss. Martin. Well, I declare, who'd believ'd it! why you've got every thing cleared off; nobody'd s'pose you'd had a Ball only last night.

Char. O that's nothing when one's used to it—but how did you enjoy yourself Miss Barker? “O I was waastly pleased indeed,” replied the young lady in a drawling affected tone, which she thought highly becoming, “I never spent a pleasenter evening.”

Miss Carlton. Have you heard the news? You know Miss Simper (lispings)—she is going to be led to the altar of Hymen, by her true-love, her Bredlow.

Miss Manor. Have you an *inwite* to Lucy Prince's?

Miss Carlton. What, is she going to give a Ball? Well, it 'll be a grand one, I'll engage. Set her up—what business has she with balls, aping the *hot tong* (haut ton).

The door opened, and the identical lady accompanied by her admirer, Mr. Morley, entered the room.—“Beautiful weather, Mr. Morley,” observed one of the gentlemen.

Mr. Morley. Very fine, rather unseasonable tho'; vast many fine girls last night.

Harry Argent now entered with his sister, a lively blooming beauty of seventeen. They were the children of a rich merchant, and had been educated with the most assiduous care by their father. Their mother they had lost when quite young. Harry was a dashing young blade possessing high principles of honor, but enjoying a good joke with all his heart. His fault was that in the pursuit of amusement, he paid too little attention to the feelings of those from whose peculiarities he extracted it. His person was tall and finely formed, and his countenance open and intelligent. Possessing these advantages with the addition of a constant flow of spirits, he was a favorite among his acquaintances. After having paid his respects to the company, he approached Mr. Melton, who had just entered with the Misses Dowlass.

Arg. Well, Melton, still an attendant on the fair!

Mr. Mel. Yes, as you say, a *tender* on the fair—“Man the hermit, sigh'd till *women* smil'd” as Campbell says.

Mr. Arg. Woman, man, woman.

Mr. Mel. Well woman then, but what's the difference? but didn't “*Coopid* pierce thy virgin heart” last evening.

Arg. Ha, ha, moonstruck,—Why Melton, when d'ye publish—Sonnets by Damon, ha?

Mel. (sheepishly) Why I do *woow* (woo) the Nine sometimes—Here Mr. Melton began to fumble in his pocket, and seemed very uneasy : Argent observed this, but guessing the truth turned the conversation.

Arg. How's trade? any arrivals lately?

Mel. Yes—no—can't say, but as I was saying, I do scribble a line or two, sometimes.

Arg. That copying into the Letter Book must be very tiresome.

Mel. No, no, I dont mean copying, I meant——

Arg. I understand “Sold Miller and Weston, 15 bales S. C. Cottons, at 15 cts.”

Mel. No, no, I mean verses, poetry.

Arg. Psha why didn't you say so before? Could you favor me——

Mel. (Eagerly drawing out of his pocket a piece of paper headed “Lines to ——”) Willingly, with great pleasure, here is a trifle that I began but hav'nt finish'd it—but you wont show it.

Arg. Well, if you insist upon it.

Mel. Yes—no—but if you do, don't say who wrote it.

Arg. Very well.

Here the visitors finding themselves entirely at a loss what to say, after each had look'd to the other to begin, rose with one accord and took leave. The Druggets accompanied them to the door with, “Good bye, do call again soon, now don't be formal.”

X. Z.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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### BANCA.....A TALE.

Being pretty well advanced in years, and having no connections, I make it my constant business to study the character of my fellow passengers through life, without exchanging many of my own opinions in return for the information I receive. I am therefore regarded by my acquaintances, as a harmless, indolent kind of a being, without much to make me beloved : and I find I am admitted every where without restraint, more by common



consent than by individual regard. As I have no relations to tie me to a particular spot, I generally at the approach of warm weather, make an excursion to some part of the country, little frequented by the gay and dissipated, and where simplicity of manners and virtuous affections leave but little to be desired. On one of those excursions about fifteen years since, I took up my residence in the valley of ———, where a fertile soil joined to the contentment and innocence of its inhabitants, gave them not a wish beyond the mountains that surrounded them on all sides. At the foot of the mountain on the western side stood the cottage of the good Banca. His character induced me to seek a residence in his house, and I advanced towards it with a certainty of being hospitably received by its owner. "Never" said the peasant to whom I addressed myself when I first entered the valley, "never did I know a stranger to be turned from the door of Banca: he is our common father, and no appellation is dearer to us than to be called his children." How fortunate, thought I, that I have found such a spot! As I continued my way, I felt that I had imbibed the cheerfulness of the cottager's expression—even his activity seemed to have infused itself into my frame, and I proceeded with a firmer step to the other end of the valley, where the house of contentment had been pointed out to me. Near the gate on the left, stood a large poplar, with its tulip blossom just bursting into beauty. Nearer the house, on each side, two willows seemed to embrace the cottage with their branches. Part of the roof only was visible, and the smoke in its evolutions through the branches seemed lost before it reached the summit. As I laid my hand upon the gate, the dog startled with the noise, noticed my approach to the peaceful inhabitants of the cottage, by his saluting bark. The gentle reprimand of Banca, caused him to resume his bed, as I traced a short path to the door. I approached toward Banca, a stranger; but the benign smile of his countenance, and his extended hand convinced me that I met a friend. I was welcomed in the kindest manner, and on entering the door perceived that order and cleanliness reigned throughout. A seat was drawn to me which seemed to have been scrubbed perfectly white; and a rosy cheeked child kindly relieved me of my bundle and staff, and proffered me some home-brewed wine, to quench the thirst of exercise. When I cast my eyes round the cottage, every object that they rested upon, spoke comfort and good order. No redundancy, no confusion, gave the appearance of sloth and useless expenditure. The wooden clock produced its unwearied ticking behind the door; in the corner stood the triangular cupboard with its shelves graced with fancy painted china, of older times, and a few silver spoons carefully

put in front by the younger females of the family. An old fashioned arm chair stood by the window which commanded a prospect of almost every cottage in the vale, and the lofty peaks of the mountains beyond. Over the chimney were placed flowers plucked from the cliffs which overhang the cottage in the rear. No pictures interrupted the undeviating whiteness of the wall. If the table, which stood opposite to the fire-place, ever had been painted, unwearied labour had despoiled it of its colour and its broad leaf vied with the dairy pale. A view through the chamber door, which stood open, convinced me that neatness reigned throughout.

Never did I see truer happiness, never did I see more real comfort in a family. The inmates of this contented spot, were Banca, his daughter, and her five children, two boys and three girls. The old man had lost the companion of his younger days a few years after their settlement here, his daughter's husband had been killed in a skirmish not far from his native home, and she had removed to her father, here, to comfort his declining years. I had been an inmate in this abode of innocence a few days, and had almost forgot that I had left behind me, a miserable, sinful world, so completely were my thoughts given to the enjoyment of the happiness of which I was a large partaker. Here was health, here was tranquility; labour produced the one, contentment the other. A continued placidness pervaded the countenance of Banca, and the kindness of the older part of the family, was returned with good offices and smiles by the younger. Every thing moved with the same regularity as though one hand had the operation of the whole. On the third day of my residence, while speaking of the business of the farm, I had an argument with Banca on the subject of engrafting fruit trees, and he proposed a walk to a distant part of the farm to examine some grafts which he had put in. To arrive at this place we had to pass a cluster of trees which I had not before observed. They appeared to be but half grown, and so thickly interwined that their tops formed one unbroken circle. Being engaged in the description of my own method of engrafting, I did not immediately perceive that Banca's eyes were directed towards the grove, and that his ear was deaf to every outward sound. Never did I see a countenance so strongly agitated with grief, and the effort to overcome it. The sound of my voice ceasing, recalled him from his trance of grief: he turned towards me, and seemed ashamed that he had indulged for a moment the feelings of his heart. He wiped the tear from his eye, and taking my arm walked silently on. Almost afraid to breathe, lest I should interrupt his reverie, we continued our walk a few steps, when his countenance partially resumed its serenity. "I see," said



He mildly "that you wonder at the sudden effect produced upon me by the sight of this grove. I pass it frequently and never without grief; but seldom has it lately happened that I have not been able to conceal it. For the last five years I have not indulged such a flow of sorrow as the present.

There was no difficulty in perceiving that the cause of Banca's emotion was a grass covered mound, in the centre of the grove. My curiosity was strongly excited, but I feared to make an enquiry, whose earthly remains tenanted this isolated spot. Banca saw my desire in my countenance, and having now recovered the command of himself, addressed me thus. "I perceive that your curiosity is awakened, and that you take a greater interest in me than most persons have done, who have visited my cottage."—"Truly indeed," said I, interrupting him and seizing his hand,—“I wish to serve you—relate to me the history of this grove that causes you so much pain, and let me serve you if I can.” “That spot” said Banca, “contains within its bosom, the remains of my favourite child. She was the daughter of my old age, and the youngest of seven children. How fresh in my memory is the period when I fondled her in my arms, while yet a child, and with what pride I watched her ripening years!—She was the constant companion of my walks, and anticipated all my wishes. I fancy now that I can see her giving me the choicest flowers that she plucked in our rambles to the mountain's summit; the fascinating smile of her cheek is still fresh in my heart.—She was the centre to which all the hopes of my declining years were pointed.—During the troubles of the last war in this canton, I sent three sons to the army, two fell with glory on the field, they proved themselves worthy of their ancestors, and I murmured not against the will of Heaven. The third returned home with honourable wounds, and brought with him a fellow soldier who had been severely wounded. While they were both engaged in the hottest part of the battle, Storno's friend received a wound which brought him to the feet of his adversary, and the raised arm that was ready to terminate his life, was about to fall upon Holca's head, when my son severed the arm from the body, and the sword fell harmless to the ground. He then raised up Holca and carried him to a neighbouring fountain where he recovered his senses, and his heart seemed to overflow with gratitude to the preserver of his life; he prayed that Heaven might bless him with every happiness. Storno, in the kindness of his heart, brought Holca to my cottage, which was but a few day's journey from the scene of action. Rejoiced at the return of my son, his companion was received with almost an equal welcome. On examination, his wounds were found to be much more dangerous

than was at first anticipated. A fever seized him, delirium succeeded, and little hope was left of his recovery. Felicia was then seventeen years old, and with her assiduous attention and my own, Holca's wounds were closed, and the flush of health again mantled his cheeks. Few men were more intellectually engaging, and his exterior was particularly captivating. He now became the constant companion of our rambles, and in the evening gave us his assistance in praises to Heaven. The engaging manners of Holca, added to his constant attention to Felicia, soon captivated a heart that was prone to affection; and as a more intimate acquaintance with him served but to increase the good opinion we had formed of him, I was equally pleased with the rest of the family, to observe a mutually increasing attachment between them. A month had now nearly passed since the entire recovery of Holca, when I perceived an unusual seriousness in the manners of my child. The usual saluting kiss of the morning was not accompanied with the smile that had hitherto graced her cheek. A parent's warmest feelings were roused for the happiness of his child. I soon drew her into a private confession of the situation of her heart, and that Holca had pledged his dearest affection to her. While the tear stood in her eye, she told me that Holca had received a letter which called him to the arms of a dying father. Felicia's tears flowed rapidly, when she added that the next day must see him on his road from the cottage; and he feared that his father's last injunctions would be to marry the daughter of his friend, one for whom he had no affection; but her fortune was his parent's object. I used every means to dispel the cloud of grief from Felicia's eye, and succeeded in apparently restoring her to tranquility. But still a gloom hung over each of us, and the day passed without our usual enjoyment. I performed the service of the evening with unusual feeling, and perceived my child to be much affected. The parting embrace for the night was more tender than I had ever experienced from her. I thought it the dearest, but little thought it to be the last." Banca almost overcome with emotion, stepped for a few moments to recover himself. The recollection of the last embrace of his daughter caused the tears to flow rapidly down his furrowed cheeks. Then raising his head, anger shook his frame, and he thus proceeded. "The ungrateful villian that night stole my daughter from her paternal roof, under the falsest pretences. The story of his father's illness was fabricated, and the servant that brought the letter was tutored to play the minister, to join them in matrimony. He persuaded her to fly with him that night, under the pretence that deferring their union would be a separation for ever; that it would be impossible to resist the last wish of a dying



parent, which a previous marriage would debar him from making. Felicia unused to the practised ways of guilt, gave way to his solicitations, and a letter a few days after gave me the reasons for her elopement. The morning that brought the return of light without the sight of Felicia, pierced my heart with the deepest agony.

Three days past in the greatest agony, when a letter was left by the Post-boy. It was Felicia's direction, and I tremblingly opened it. On my knees I thanked Heaven, that she had been married agreeably to our laws. She gave me a full explanation of the cause of her elopement, and with the utmost contrition begged my forgiveness and blessing. "Oh! yes," I exclaimed "thou art still my daughter, come to my bosom, I forgive thee." Nearly three weeks now passed without further information of her, and my anxiety increased almost to phrenzy. Oh God, what were my sensations, one evening, when passing the church, the spire of which you see at the distance of a mile, to find a female form lying at the door. "Poor miserable creature, I exclaimed, hast thou no home, no parent to warm thee into life! The cold has penetrated thy limbs, I will be thy parent, I will carry thee to my cottage, thou shalt be supported by the arms of Banca."—"My father," she muttered, (a momentary ray of life being produced by the sound of my name,) and sunk lifeless in my arms. Who but a parent can judge of the anguish, the torment of my soul! Entirely overcome, I sank on her bosom, cold as the marble it resembled in whiteness.

I was soon recalled to my senses by the voices of some passing peasants, who conveyed the lifeless body of my child to her father's dwelling. I was also conveyed home, insensible to every outward motion, and it was not until the next day, that I was recalled to my senses. In her bosom were found the following lines addressed to me, and written hastily with a pencil.

"Father, I have but a few moments to live—forgive your wretched daughter—she has been deceived by a villian. She erred but once, and has been punished. The person who acted as minister, was the servant of Holca—forgive your daughter."

On reading this letter I was again thrown into an insensible state for some hours, and on recovering was so much weakened that I could scarcely follow Felicia's body to the grave. The earth which you now see yonder, closed upon the cold bosom of my child in the afternoon. The approaching separation from her lifeless body, renewed all my grief. While I hung over her, the tear from my eye fell upon her cold cheek, and passed over the dimple that broke its regularity. Such was the tear on the night of her elopement. A parent only can appreciate my sensations. The separation from her corpse, almost tore my heart

asunder. With difficulty I approached *that* spot, where unable to command myself, I sunk by the side of her grave insensible to every thing but the deadly sound of the earth falling upon her coffin. My friends conveyed me in this state to my cottage. In a few days I recovered my strength, but I had no return of tranquillity ; and on the fourth, having prepared to pursue the destroyer of my child, and of my happiness, I received information of his having met the miserable end which he so well deserved, by being attacked and afterwards tortured by the banditti."

Banca overcome with the recital of his daughter's story, could with difficulty return to the cottage, and after he had pressed my hand warmly, we separated for the night. C. A.

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The author of the following article states it to be his first production. Its style, indeed, sufficiently indicates a young writer, but one who possesses a taste for literature which deserves encouragement. For this reason, we insert his piece, and we hope that it will be the forerunner of others of more consequence.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

### FASHION.

Nothing is more precarious or more absolute, and nothing more assiduously followed, than Fashion. Every person whether young or old, is in some measure regulated by its dictates. Its sway is unlimited, and its dominion absolute : its votaries are in every quarter of the world, but are more particularly seen among the young and beautiful ; who are its willing slaves and follow all its capricious changes with the most minute exactness. The name of *Fashion* is alone sufficient to give to dress, the most outre and unbecoming, the impress of grace and elegance. But her enslaving yoke is that which above all others, a well informed mind disdains to wear. Her only mistress is Science, and Virtue her only guide. All persons should regulate their dress according to the custom of the times ; but to pursue this fickle goddess through all her various and sudden changes, is at once absurd and improper. Wisdom, learning, virtue and science, amply reward those who seek them ; but Fashion leaves her followers dissatisfied and unrewarded. She may allure and please for a time, but as we increase in age, all her attractions vanish. It is like pursuing a gilded bubble which breaks as we attempt to grasp it, and leaves us but to regret the time we have wasted in the pursuit. It is infinitely better to store the mind with useful knowledge which will survive the wreck of time and impart beauties far surpassing those imparted by all the gay array of Fashion.

K. Q.



# POETRY.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## I'VE LOVED.

*I've loved the Morning*—then the mind  
Dances so light, so free—  
From night's dark bondage unconfined,  
And proud of liberty:  
Then smiling nature wears a dress  
Of beauty, life, and happiness,  
That might ev'n Eden's bloom express:  
And Oh! 'tis joy to see  
The bright sky smiling on the earth,  
Calling such lovely things to birth,  
As woo our best emotions forth  
Of love and sympathy.

*I've loved the Evening*—nature calls  
Her subjects to repose;  
Calm evening on the spirit falls  
Like music's dying close;  
It draws our wandering senses home;  
While through the slowly gathering  
gloom,  
Oft falls a shadow of the tomb,  
Solemn, yet not like those  
That on the brow of midnight rise;  
Tis more like message from the skies,  
Whose gracious promise molifies,  
The sharpness of our woes.

*I've loved Society*—to join  
At times the sportive throng;  
To witness joy enhances mine,  
Nor is the feeling wrong;  
Pure was the social spirit given,  
And tuned to harmonize with Heaven;  
Tho' jar'd and nearly lost, yet even  
It now can breathe a song,  
Whose tones the roughest heart will  
melt, [guilt;  
And shame the check of hardened  
And virtues, cloisters never felt,  
Its music doth prolong.

*I've loved in Solitude* to sit,  
To gaze on vacancy;  
The world and all its ways forget,  
On fancy's wings, to fly  
Beyond this mortal scene—the soul  
May shake herself from earth's control,  
And far above, where comets roll  
May spring, a moment free;

The glimpse of Heavenly light thus  
gained,  
Is worth a thousand joys obtained  
While sorrows sickened, pleasures  
pained  
Our hours of vanity.

*I've loved the World*—ah! who doth not,  
It hath so many wiles!  
On every side, on every spot  
We're caught within its toils;  
Its spirit, who can exorcise  
From out the heart? what Argus eyes,  
Guarding alike from sloth, surprise,  
Detect its lying smiles?  
None born of earth may earth defy;  
The purity that lights the sky,  
And penetrates immensity,  
Alone the tempter foils.

*I've loved, I love my Friends*—those few  
Congenial souls I've found:  
The brightest scene the sun can view  
Beneath his shining round,  
Is when he gilds the calm retreat,  
Where gen'rous, virtuous friends may  
meet,  
While hearts as well as voices greet;  
And confidence, unbound  
From heartless, cold formality,  
And polished sense, and chastened glee,  
Flow free as sports of infancy,  
And not a word to wound.

*And I would love my Foes*.—but there  
The warmest hearts are cold—  
Oh, would we join the Saviour's prayer,  
With charity infold,  
Like him, within our kind embrace,  
Unasked his pedigree or place,  
His fame, his faith untold—  
Or harder still, would we forego  
The will, the wish to pain our Foe—  
That were a triumph Heaven might  
show,  
For angels to behold.

*But All we love must perish*—earth  
Itself will pass away;  
There is no spell of mortal birth  
Can bid its pleasures stay;  
Dim eyes no Morning glories see;  
Dull hearts no Evening reverie;  
Wan age will loathe Society;

The Solitary day,  
Will be a desert—Friends will die ;  
And the World's flattering phantoms  
fly ;  
Even Foes will pass us fearless by,  
Nor heed us in decay.

*And yet the Heart will love—it hath  
That signet from above,  
And tho' the thorn may wound our path,  
The tenderest passion prove,  
Our hermitage of sorrow here—  
Yet be not sad, there is a sphere  
Where perfect love will banish fear,  
And where the Holy Dove  
Will breathe a peace earth hath not  
known,  
A peace—we there shall catch its tone,  
A peace possessed in Heaven alone,  
And felt where God is Love !*

CORNELIA.

### EARLY SCENES.—A SONG.

*Tune, "The Lee Rig."*

BY DR. M'HENRY.

That spot of all the spacious earth,  
Is sweetest to the feeling mind,  
Where first affection had its birth,  
And early ties the heart entwin'd ;  
For there the youthful fancy stray'd,  
Mid raptured scenes without alloy,  
And there the impression strong was  
made,  
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy !

Is there a season fraught with bliss,  
That can attach us here below ?  
The joyous dawn of life is this,  
When love's first fires begin to glow ;  
For then ifills or fears invade,  
The lightsome spirits bid them fly,  
And then th' impression strong is made  
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy.

In manhood's prime when cares assail,  
As fame or fortune we pursue,  
How oft our darling prospects fail,  
While distant good but mocks the view ?  
O ! then the cheerless heart to aid,  
Remembrance of those days employ,  
When first th' impression strong was  
made,  
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy.

And in the vale of hoary years,  
When scarce a pulse the breast can  
warm,  
And not a beauteous spot appears,  
The dull remains of life to charm ;  
Then be young scenes again portray'd,  
And bright shall beam the languid eye,  
As when the impression first was made,  
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy !

A young lady of this city, not much more than fourteen years of age, is the author of the two following effusions. They manifest a delicacy of taste and fancy, not frequently to be met with even at maturer years. We cannot let this occasion pass without complimenting the fair poetess on these early efforts of her muse and expressing our hope that she will continue to cultivate a talent which may yet enable her to add some never-fading flowers to the wreath of her country's literature.

ED.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

*Lines addressed to a Humming Bird.*

Oh stay thee, lovely fairy thing !  
Stay thy music breathing wing ;  
In yon woodbine's perfum'd bower,  
Or in the cup of yonder flow'r,

Now you rest in happy state ;  
The slender twig scarce feels thy  
weight,  
Thy plumes reflect Sol's golden light,  
Now as the lovely ruby bright ;

Now as an emerald thou art seen,  
Clad in a vest of brightest green ;  
Purple and gold in splendor vie,  
To give thy wings a beauteous dye.

In yon flowret plunge thy bill,  
Of balsam honey sip thy fill ;  
Then on punny pinions fly,  
Through the clear azure of the sky.

ANNA.



## RELIGION.

"This world is all a fleeting show"  
Well doth the poet say;  
And all within this vale of wo,  
Is fleeting fast away.

In youthful pleasure's happy dreams,  
When all around is gay,  
Dark sorrow quenches joys bright  
beams,  
And both fleet fast away.

The throb of grief to bliss gives place,  
The brightest bliss to care,  
One moment smiles illumine the face,  
The next pale grief is there.

Religion thou alone dost last,  
Thy joys will ne'er depart;  
When all the hopes of life are past,  
Thou heals't the bleeding heart.

Oh! let thy Heavenly power impart,  
Its comfort to my soul,  
Descend and dwell within my heart,  
And reign without controul.

ANNA.

\* Moore.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## GREECE.

Bright shines the sun on Grecia's plain,  
As erst a thousand years ago;  
Still from the mountain to the main,  
Greece looks the fairest land below.

And many a bright poetic isle,  
Shedding gem-like the Ægean sea,  
In ocean's lap appears to smile,  
The once-lov'd home of liberty.

The passing stranger furls the sail,  
Pausing in rapturous delight,  
To view each classic hill and dale,  
That slowly moves before his sight.

He scents the perfume from the grove  
He sees the chrystal fountains flow,  
And owns that yonder orb above,  
Beams on no lovlier land below.

But what avails the swelling vine,  
What though the olive still be there,  
Though there each charm of nature  
shine,  
When man is fated to despair!

On high Olympus' cloud-crown'd height,  
The pure and spotless snow is seen,  
Untrodden still, and still as bright,  
As it, of old, hath ever been.

Yet long, fair Greece, thy sons oppress,  
Have wept the fierce Barbarian's  
reign;  
But hope now warms each generous  
breast,  
That Greece shall soon be Greece  
again! JUVENIS.

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LOVE'S SORROWS.

BY DR. M'HENRY.

In the first dawn of youthful feeling,  
How sweet the throb of love to che-  
rish!  
O'er every sense delighted stealing,  
Its sorrows all at first concealing,  
And nought but heav'nly charms re-  
vealing.  
It sways us till we perish!

However fair to sight appearing,  
The blissful vision is imparted,  
Though lovely, tender, and endearing,  
Bright'ning our joys, our sorrows  
cheering,  
Some wayward fortune interfering,  
May leave us broken hearted!

I thought that Ellen lov'd sincerely,  
When first my young affections  
sought her,  
Ah! she was fair; I lov'd her dearly,  
I found her false, and grieve severely,  
That she was but a woman merely,  
When I an angel thought her!

Thus love on tender hearts imposes,  
And thus his willing captives lan-  
guish;  
We think his path o'erspread with ro-  
ses,  
But thorns, alas! he soon discloses,  
Till every hope his victim loses,  
And fades away in anguish!

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## A VIEW OF HUMANITY.

Come hither, take this telescope and view,  
Yon dizzy steep, ascending to the clouds,  
On whose ice-coated and precipitous side,  
No living thing may tarry—while beneath,  
With ceaseless fury round the slippery verge,  
Dash the wild waves of an unfathom'd Sea.

Mark the long line of evanescent beings,  
Throng after throng, like wave impelling wave,  
With headlong speed down sliding—whose career  
To the dark abyss ever open for them,  
No power on earth is competent to stay.

How walk they?—are they serious? do they bear them  
As though aware of their ephemeral state?  
As victims conscious of impending Fate?

How walk they, sayst thou?—Why the idiots laugh  
With mirth obstreperous at the silliest jest  
That Folly may bring forth;—and they carouse  
And sing and dance with maniac revelry.  
Others of temperament more saturnine,  
Grave and important as the mousing owl,  
Wise in their own eyes, speculate profoundly  
On trifles without number, or bestir them  
With eager zeal to amass a cumbrous load  
Of somewhat, they call *wealth*, and build air castles  
As tho' in everlasting safety, seated  
On the broad platform of the eternal hills.

Aye, and they *war* too—and with fiend-like skill,  
Hurl death and ruin round them; and the leader  
Who shapes the dreariest scene of blood, and tears,  
And want, and desolation—he's a Hero!  
The favourite theme of picture and of song,  
And shouting thousands follow where he moves.

And lo! the climax of stupendous folly!  
Some precious elf is here and there exalted  
High o'er his fellows, who nickname the Idol  
An Emperor, King, or Czar, as whim directs,  
And rush to causeless slaughter at his bidding,  
Or crouch with spaniel meanness at his feet.  
Yea, like the craz'd artificer, they tremble,  
At the rude Image which their hands have made!

And these same modest worthies, to secure  
Their proud ascendancy o'er the groveling herd,  
And safe enjoyment of the loaves and fishes,  
Club their small wits, combine their passive tools,  
And with unmatched effrontery tell their vassals,  
The league they form is Holy!—pah—'tis nauseous,  
'Tis ludicrous—yet 'tis sad—we'll look no more.



## RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

THE sensation excited in Europe by the energetic tone of our President's Message at the opening of the present Session of Congress, is exactly such, as in our first number, we predicted it would be. The British whigs have hailed it with loud applause, as indicative of the fact that in one extensive region of the earth, the principles of liberty have acquired a strength which enables them to speak not only fearlessly, but with commanding effect to the oppressors of mankind, and to tell them: "Despots! thus far shall your tyrannic authority extend, but no further." "By one short passage in it," says the *Liverpool Advertiser*, referring to this Message, "is set at rest, we dare presume, whatever may have been in agitation by the Continental allies, in reference to the late Spanish possessions in South America." Even the *Courier*, which until very lately, never manifested any sentiments savouring of whiggism, has joined the general voice of British encomium on the tone of the President's Speech; and particularly exults in the sublime warning which it has given to all the potentates of the Eastern hemisphere no longer to think of establishing colonies in the Western. The *Courier* triumphantly speculates on the chagrin with which the mighty Russian will receive this annunciation which so pertinently and formidably interferes with his favourite project of extending his dominion to the Columbian continent; and which, indeed, will for the future, add a new principle to the laws of nations.

The French papers, on the other hand, display that feeling of astonishment and irritation, which was to have been expected from a measure so demonstrative of the conscious strength and energy of a republic, to whose successful and infectious example all the disasters that have befallen the family of their haughty Bourbons, and the arbitrary principles with which they are identified, are ascribed. They see, and they are both surprised and chagrined at the sight, that this hated republic, is now able to render herself dreaded; and that she threatens to present an

insurmountable obstacle to the re-establishment of their ancient dominion and arbitrary forms of government in the New World. It is not wonderful then that they inveigh so loudly against Mr. Monroe's resolution to protect the integrity of this hemisphere from the pollution of their colonizing adventurers, and their invading armies. They abuse him as arrogant, audacious, and unjust—and they comfort themselves with the idea that he is no king, that he has not the power of sending the fleets and armies of the Union against them, of his own accord, and that the authority and influence which he derives from his present station as Chief Magistrate of the republic, will soon expire, when, if their fond wishes should be realized, a change in the political views of the cabinet of Washington will take place.

We have not yet heard how the other continental powers have been affected by the unwelcome tone of the President's Speech; but we doubt not that they will feel equally chagrined with France. The emperor of Russia has formally offered the aid of the Holy Alliance to the Spanish king to enable him to reduce his former American dominions once more beneath his yoke.—With a heart, of course, overflowing with gratitude, Ferdinand has expressed his acceptance of the kind offer. Holland, no doubt, from a feeling of jealousy towards the commercial greatness of England, it is said, has consented to join this projected confederacy against the Southern republics, although she has never enrolled herself among the members of the Holy Alliance. Of this alliance, Ferdinand has expressed himself, as it was natural to expect, a willing and zealous member; and no doubt the inclinations of the king of Portugal will secure to it all the little aid he can lend.

Thus from Arch-Angel to Gibraltar, the whole force of the European Continent appears united in one sentiment of hostility against Liberty and that American Independence, which the tenor of the President's Message, announces it to be the true policy and intention of our government to protect.

From the whole complexion of the affairs of the civilized world, as represented to us through the medium of the public prints, we conceive that any person may foresee a terrible strug-



gle between liberty and despotism, between the continents of the East and the West, about to ensue. The whole force of the ultra monarchial principles, is about to be arrayed against us and our institutions, under the flimsy veil of attempting to recolonizing South America. Let the timid politicians of the country, the Randolphites and the whole host of the Anti-Grecians, endeavour to disguise the matter as they please; let them, by their withering speeches, stifle the expression of generous and decisive sentiments on our parts as they may; these sentiments must and will soon be expressed by the loud voice of a gallant nation, convinced that both its interest and its honour demands resistance to be given to the wicked intentions of combined despots.

But should the sword be drawn, as every appearance at present exhibited by the nations, indicates that it will, and that too before the lapse of a long period, thanks to Heaven! it will not be continent against continent alone that will engage in the contest. Were it to be so, the new nations of the West, no matter how just their cause, or how gallant their population, would be ill qualified to contend with the countless multitudes of the East. But there lies an illustrious and potent island between them, that will not be an idle spectator of the contest, in whose soil, the *holy* monarchs are aware that the principles of liberty which are now sapping the foundations of their power, were first engendered, and from the influence of whose institutions they still draw a supporting spirit which enables them to baffle every effort to accomplish their extinction. Both the people and government of that island seem *now* aware, that any further movement of the *Holy* Kings against the liberty of nations, will be direct hostility against their own interests and safety, and are, therefore, determined to resist it with all their power. The British nation, truant, as it has long been in its conduct towards us, from the paths of political propriety, should now, on its return to them, be met by us with forgiveness, and with feelings of cordial friendship, welcomed to that station among the supporters of human rights, which it becomes the country of Hampden, Sidney, Russel, Chatham, Fox, and Erskine to occupy.

With such an ally as Great Britain, American freedom need not fear to enter the lists with the congregated forces of European despotism. Should the strength of North and South America be added to that of the British empire in defence of liberty, the power of all the autocrats of the earth, will be incompetent to its overthrow. Why then, with the certainty of such aid before our eyes, should we hesitate to speak our sentiments boldly, and without reserve! Why should our Congress have become faint-hearted in the cause, and have permitted the womanish terrors conjured up in the fanciful brain of the rhapsodical Randolph to silence them, when every principle of just and generous policy, and every feeling of respect for the honour and dignity of their country, called upon them to speak loudly and boldly as became the representatives of a great and free people, in behalf of insulted liberty and suffering humanity? How mortifying it is to consider that the Congress of the United States, the most fairly deputed representative body in the world, should be deterred from acting according to the dictates of its own purer and more manly feelings, lest it should incur the displeasure of a Divan at Constantinople, or a conclave of Monks at Madrid! When intelligence of this disgraceful instance of craven conduct shall reach Europe, how will our eugolists blush for us! and how will our enemies and slanderers exult!—"Hah!" will the latter exclaim—"this is the boasted energy of the great republic, who from the magnificent tenor of her President's language, we believed would extend the protection of her mighty wings to all the oppressed nations of the earth—lo! she is so much afraid of exciting an angry curl in the whiskers of the Grand Turk, that she will not even send a mere message of encouraging compliment to the republican Greeks, now struggling to get rid of his barbarous yoke!"

But those whom the visionary terrors of Randolph's vapourish imagination frightened into silence on the Greek and South American questions, could not, if, as they professed, the preservation of peace was their object, have taken a more effectual method of encouraging the European monarchs to draw the sword, than by manifesting such a timid disposition, on the very subjects too, on which their President had so lately spoken



to the world with fearless firmness and decision. Is there any consideration whatever, which can induce the Allied Sovereigns to hesitate in sending their fleets and armies against the South Americans but the fear of resistance from Great Britain and the United States! To show them then, as the late results in Congress tend to do, that they have not much to fear from us, is to hasten forward that state of things, which the lovers of peace and the friends of humanity are desirous to prevent. There is nothing, as every one acquainted with human affairs must know, so effectual in restraining bullies and oppressors from violence and bloodshed, as a timely display of determined resistance. The wisdom and firmness of Roman policy was never more conspicuously displayed, than in the promptitude and boldness with which her ambassador, when he found that the Syrian tyrant could, by no solicitation, be prevailed on to refrain from disturbing the peace of a neighbouring nation, drew with his wand, a circle round the ambitious monarch, and exclaimed, "Ere you pass over this ring, promise not to molest the king of Egypt, or Rome is your enemy!" The haughty monarch was alarmed at the impending danger, and peace was preserved.

The President's language, joined with the threatened opposition of Great Britain to the meditated attack on South America, it would appear had excited considerable hesitation in the minds of the French rulers as to the measures they should adopt. They appear quite alive to the impolicy of provoking that alliance in favour of liberty, between Britain and the United States, which the avowed sentiments of both these powers begin to indicate; and one of their public prints exclaims to the following purport—"What is it that alarms Mr. Monroe! France, at least, will not interfere in the re-colonization of South America. The United States may send their fleets and armies over the ocean, but it is not likely that they will meet an enemy."—But, alas! when they hear that the fantastic terrors of Randolph could frighten Congress from pursuing the wise and generous policy of Monroe, their courage will revive—their designs against the Southern republics will be resumed—and if the remonstrances of England can also be silenced by the excitement of *imaginary*

*fears*, away will hasten unobstructed, the armaments of the Holy League, to the Southern Continent, where independence and Liberty will be crushed beneath their power. The tragedies of Naples and Spain will there be repeated; and when the curtain falls on the downfall of Colombia, Buenos Ayres, and Mexico, the managers of the great drama will naturally seek the soil of the United States, as the theatre of their next representation.

But this is too humiliating a topic to dwell on; nor should we have dwelt on it so long, but that we conceive it incumbent on every man who has a pen to write or a tongue to speak, and who is interested in the honour and final welfare of our country, and in the maintenance of those principles of freedom of which she should consider herself one of the chief supporters among the nations, to bestir himself on this occasion, and warn the people of the evil consequences that may result from the spiritless conduct of their representatives.

Before we pass from this subject, we would take occasion from it to remark, that the present crisis is too portentous for the country to be swayed by fearful and narrow minded counselors; and that it is all-necessary for the preservation of not only our respectability, but perhaps, our eventual safety as a free nation, that in the choice we are about to make of a Chief Magistrate, we should select one eminent for *energy* and *promptitude*, as well as for patriotism and integrity—for let the effeminate and the faint-hearted say what they please. the political horizon threatens a storm, which we may be obliged to encounter, and which if we would not fall before its fury, we should be prepared to meet, by the prudence and skill of an experienced and fearless pilot.

These warlike anticipations, it is true, may not be speedily realized. We may be so selfish and unwise as to refuse becoming one of the belligerents in the fast approaching struggle between despotism and liberty, until from the lateness of our interference we may not be able to preserve the latter from being overthrown, and will then *singly* have to contend for ourselves. We trust, however, that our national politics will yet be conducted on wiser and more liberal principles, and that no mean dollar-and-cent calculating considerations will prevent us from



joining the standard of the friends of freedom, who, we believe, will soon be obliged to array themselves against their enemies.

In our last retrospect, we did what we thought our duty in pointing out the anti-republican tendency of the caucus system of politics pursued in this country. We have in consequence, incurred the displeasure of a number of politicians who are interested in the support of that system—several of whom have characterized our Magazine, as a political, rather than a literary work, and allege that it has been established more with the view of supporting some favourite presidential candidate than with the intention of promoting the cause of American literature. Against this allegation we advance our direct negative. We discussed the question of caucusing very briefly, and purely as an abstract subject, suggested to us by the present state of our national politics, without reference to the merits or demerits of any candidate before the public.

In our retrospect of the politics of each month, our readers have a right to expect from us a statement of our views and opinions on the events that pass before us, and on the results which they are likely to produce; both of which they shall receive. We trust we are neither so deficient in energy as to shrink from our duty lest we should offend those we shall have occasion to blame, nor so destitute of candour as to blame without believing that we have sufficient cause.

The members of the late Washington caucus must, therefore, be content to bear with us, when we say, that our opinion of their conduct is, that it was very uncourteous towards the public, very impolitic in regard to themselves, and very injurious to the interests of their candidate. At least nine tenths of the Union were known to be averse to a caucus, and three fourths of Congress refused to attend it. This was a formidable opposition for sixty-six individuals to encounter; and their persisting to do so, argues a degree of contempt for public opinion, which, on a question of this kind, is not very becoming in republican senators. As to their candidate, we believe him to be a gentleman whose integrity, talents, and long continued public services, would, but for their injudicious mode of interfering in his behalf, have ensured him a tolerably fair chance of attaining the object of his ambi-

tion. As it is, however, he will prove himself to possess a political strength far surpassing the most sanguine calculation, if in the present temper of the people, he can ascend to the President's chair with the encumbrance of a caucus clinging to him.

One of the first effects of this caucus officiousness, (to call it by no harsher name,) was to unite, for the avowed purpose of defeating its projects, in support of one candidate, the two parties which would otherwise have divided the great State of Pennsylvania between them. This event is worthy of being recorded, because it manifested a degree of magnanimity and patriotism, on the part of those who, on this occasion, sacrificed their private feelings for the public good, alike honourable to themselves, and creditable to their country. It is not often in the history of nations, that the leaders and adherents of great factions are found to yield their prejudices to their duty, and sacrifice their private feelings and wishes to the public welfare. But so deeply were Mr. Calhoun and his friends impressed with the danger of encouraging the designs of any usurping body of men in a free country, that the proceedings of the sixty-six caucusites were no sooner known, than they determined to relinquish their own views, to strike their flag, and by rallying round that of the most popular candidate, secure his success, and the overthrow of caucus machinations.

In pursuance of this determination, Mr. Dallas, the personal friend of Mr. Calhoun, and the acknowledged leader of his party in Pennsylvania, availed himself of a meeting of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, which pursuant to public requisition, took place on the eighteenth of February, to withdraw the claims of Mr. Calhoun, and to offer some resolutions expressive of the determination of the meeting to support the election of General Jackson. Mr. Dallas introduced his resolutions by stating the reasons which induced the friends of Mr. Calhoun to take this step—namely, a desire to save the republic from falling under the domination of a Congressional Junta, and also a conviction that the present situation of the United States in relation to other countries, rendered it desirable that a man of known energy and tried talents, the weight of whose name,



and character would be felt both at home and abroad, should be placed at the head of the government.

The enthusiasm and delight with which the meeting witnessed this instance of patriotic self-denial, may be easily imagined. The resolutions of Mr. Dallas were unanimously adopted, and it may now be considered that but one sentiment in respect to the man who shall be our next President, animates the million of citizens that inhabit Pennsylvania.

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### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Godwin's History of the Commonwealth of England, is in the London press, and will be published shortly.

A Biography of Rossini, the celebrated musical compositor, was published at Paris, in January last.

The Academy of Science at Paris, heard a report on the 17th November last, on the discovery of a petrified man and horse, in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Carver is charged with the investigation of the phenomenon, which will, no doubt lead to other important discoveries.

The first number of a new Quarterly Review, was to have appeared in London in January, entitled the Westminster Review, which in respect to politics, is to steer a course of neutrality between the two great parties supported by the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews.

A new periodical work called the United States Literary Gazette, has been announced as about to appear in Boston.

A Literary and Historical Society has been established at Quebec, under the auspices of the Earl of Dalhousie, Governor of Lower Canada, which promises to be of great advantage to the historical and general literature of that province.

The author of the Waverly Novels is said to have a new work in forwardness, entitled "The Siege of Ptolemy; extract of a History of the Crusaders."

It is stated in a Charleston paper, that a new Tragedy, entitled "Ravenswood," by a Gentleman of that city, will be put in rehearsal and performed shortly.

A new Drama, called "La Fayette; or, The Castle of Ol-

mutz," written by a Gentleman of New-York, will be produced speedily at the Theatre, in that city.

A volume of original Miscellaneous Poems, is announced for publication at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia.

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### RECENT PUBLICATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Mamon in London ; or, The Spy of the Day. A Characteristic and Satirical Romance, on the model of *Le Diable Boiteux*.

The Vale of Chamouni ; and Clara Chester ; Poems, by the author of "Rome."

The Pulpit ; a periodical work, published weekly in London, and imported by S. Potter & Co. Booksellers, Philadelphia.

The Spectre of the Forest ; or, Annals of the Housatonic. A New-England Romance, by the author of the *Wilderness*, was republished in December last, in three volumes, 12 mo.

Sabean Researches, in a series of Essays, addressed to distinguished antiquaries, on the engraved hieroglyphics of Chaldaea, Egypt, and Canaan, by John Landseer, F. S. A.

Mary Stuart, a Tragedy ; and the Maid of Orleans, a Tragedy ; from the German of Schiller, with the Life of the author ; by the Rev. H. Salvin, M. B.

Joseph and his Brethren, a Scriptural Drama ; by H. L. Howard.

Illustrations of the Interrogative System of Education ; by Sir Richard Phillips.

A Complete Exposure of the late Irish Miracles, in a Letter to Dr. Murray, titular Archbishop of Dublin ; by a rational Presbyterian.

The Days of Queen Mary, or a Tale of the Fifteenth Century.

Montalhythe ; a Tale, by Jane Harvey.

Corfe Castle, or Keneswitha ; a Tale.

Hurtswood ; a Tale of the year 1715.

The Lady of the Manor ; by Mrs. Sherwood.

The History of George Desmond, founded on facts which occurred in the East Indies, intended as a useful caution to young men going out to that country.

Eugenia, or the Dangers of the World ; by Miss Moore.



The Captivity, Sufferings and Escape, of James Scurry, under Hyder Ali, and Tippoo Saib.

St. Johnstoun, or John Earl of Gowrie. A Scottish Novel.

The Nien, a poetic Romance.

The Pilgrim's Tale, a Poem ; by Charles Lockhart.

Travels into Chile, over the Andes. in the year 1820 and 1821, with sketches of the productions, Agriculture, Mines, Inhabitants, &c. by P. Schmidtmeier.

### NEW AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Brownlie's Careful and Free Inquiry, into the true nature and tendency of the Religious principles of the society of friends, commonly called the Quakers.—Containing the history of their opinions ; the rise and progress of the Society. Dissertations on their doctrinal tenets, their worship, ministry, &c. &c.

The Cause of the Greeks; a sermon, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Philad. on Sunday Jan. 18th by the Rev. G. T. Bedell.

New Lunar Tables, for correcting the apparent distance of the moon from the sun, fixed stars or planets, for the effects of refraction and Parallax ; illustrated by appropriate rules and examples. To which are added, plain and easy directions for taking a lunar observation, and some useful remarks on the sextant. By E. C. Ward, teacher of Navigation, Nautical Astronomy, &c. U. S. Navy.

Reflections on the Dissension actually existing in St. Mary's Congregation, addressed to his excellency the Governor of Pennsylvania, to which are added Notes, &c. by a Roman Catholic.

The first number of a periodical paper entitled "The Philadelphia Museum, or Register of Natural History and the Arts"—to be issued twice a month at two dollars per annum and printed at the Museum Press.

50 Substantial reasons against any modification whatever of the Existing Tariff: whereby the consistency and property of the opposition of the Cotton Planters, the Tobacco Planters, and the Merchants, to the "Infernal Bill," is fully justified.—By a Pennsylvanian.

Letters to a young gentleman commencing his education ; to which is subjoined a Brief History of the United States. By Noah Webster, Esq.

Notes on the Epistles to the Romans ; Intended to assist Students of Theology, and others who read the Scriptures in the

**Original**, by Samuel H. Turner, Professor of Biblical Learning and Interpretation of Scripture in the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

**Frick's Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye**, including the Doctrines and Practice of the most eminent Modern Surgeons, and particularly those of Professor Beer.

The first number of a new Weekly Literary Paper, devoted to Polite Literature, Christian Morals, and the Fine Arts, called *La Corbielle*, has been issued in Philadelphia.

The Port Folio, for January and February, 1824.

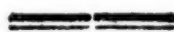
**The Economy and Policy of a Christian Education**, by Geo. Harris.

**Toller's Law of Executors**; a new edition. The second American from the fifth London edition, with notes and references to American authorities on the Law, in the several States in the Union, by Thomas F. Gordon, Esq. of Philadelphia.

**A General Abridgment and Digest of American Law**, with occasional Notes, and Comments, by Nathan Dane, L. L. D. Counsellor at Law.

**The Criminality of Intemperance**; an Address delivered at the eleventh anniversary of the Massachusetts Society, for the Suppression of Intemperance, by Henry Ware, Junr.

**A Winter in Washington, or Memoirs of the Seymour Family**; a Novel, in two volumes 12mo. by an American Lady.



## FOREIGN WORKS RE-PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

**Sunday School Gleanings**, containing brief Memoirs and interesting Anecdotes of Sunday School Children.

**A Brief Memoir of Krishna Pal**, the first Hindoo in Bengal who broke the chain of their Cast, by embracing the Gospel: to which is added, *The Decision*, or religion must be all, or is nothing.

**Remarks during a Journey through North America**, in the years 1819, 1820, and 1821, a Series of Letters, with an Appendix, containing an account of several Indian Tribes, &c. by Adam Hodgson, Esq. of Liverpool.

**Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea**, in the years 1819, '20, '21 and '22. By John Franklin, Capt. R. N. F. R. S. and Commander of the Expedition. With an



Appendix, containing Geognostical Observations and remarks on the Aurora Borealis. Illustrated by a Frontispiece and a Map.

The Spae Wife ; a Tale of the Scottish Chronicles, by the author of the Annals of the Parish, Ringan Gilhaize, &c.

Salem Witchcraft. This is a re-publication of a work, first issued in London. A. D, 1700. It is entitled "The Wonders of the Invisible World Displayed." It contains an account of the Sufferings of Margaret Rule, written by the Rev. Cotton Mather, &c.

Don Juan, Cantos 12, 13, and 14, by Lord Byron.

St. Ronan's Well, by the author of Waverly, &c.

High Ways and By-Ways ; or Tales of the Road Side: picked up in the French Provinces. By a walking Gentleman.

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## Marriages.

On Thursday evening, the 5th ult. by the Rev. Mr. J. J. Janeway, *Mr. John B. Ellison*, to *Miss Hannah* a second daughter of John Moore, Esq. all of this city.—On Thursday evening, the 5th ult. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, *Mr. Benjamin Robinson*, to *Miss. Harriet Ann*, daughter of Mr. Rene Fougerey, all of this city.—On Wednesday evening the 4th ult. in Bucks-county, (Pa.) by the Rev. Thomas Meredith, *Mr. Benjamin Mifflin*, of Philadelphia, to *Miss. Ellen Hough*, of Bucks County.—On Thursday evening last, the 5th. ult. by the Rev. Dr. Holcombe, *Mr. William Ford*, silver plater, to *Miss. Henrietta Fowley*, both of this city.—On the 1st. ult. in this city, by the Rev. Solomon Sharp, *Mr. John Gray*, to *Mrs. Esther Richards*, formerly of Woodbury, N. J.—On Sunday evening, the 1st. ult. at New York, by the Rev. Mr. Whalpley, *Mr. Samuel Lewis*, of Philadelphia, to *Mrs. Isabella Dennis*, of that city.—On the 3d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, *Mr. Joseph E. Lake*, to *Miss. Abigail Carter*, daughter of William Carter all of this city.—On Sunday evening the 15th. ult. *Mr. Seth Roberts*, to *Miss. Isabella Yard*, both of the District of Southwark.—On Thursday evening the 12th. ult. by the Rev. Philip F. Mayer, *Mr. Thomas C. Curven*, to *Miss. Ann Maria Roderfield*, all of this city.—On the 12th ult. near Holmesburg, Pa. by the Rev. Mr. Sheetz. *Mr. Richard Penn Lardner*, to *Miss Anna B. Tennet*.—On the 19th. ult. by Alderman G. Bartram, *Mr. John Moss*, of this city, to *Mrs. Sarah Levy*, of the Northern Liberties.

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## Deaths.

On Tuesday, the 17th. ult. of the typhus fever, *Mrs. Lucy Lay*, consort of Mr. Amos Lay aged 56.—On Wednesday morning, the 18th. ult. of a pulmonary disease, *Mr. James Hare*, aged 24.—On Thursday morning, the 19th ult. *Mrs. Agnes Clotworthy*, consort of Mr. John Clotworthy, in the 50th year of her age. On Thursday morning, the 19th ult. after a short illness, *Mr. Richard Armistead*. On the 14th ult. of a consumption, *William*, son of Mr. William Stern, aged 19.

On Monday morning, after a lingering illness, Mrs. *Elizabeth De la Mater*, wife of John De la Mater, aged 65.—On Monday evening the 16th ult. in 33d year of his age, Mr. *James Duff* after a lingering illness.—On the 16th. ult. after a short illness, Mrs. *Anna Maria* wife of Joseph P. Hamelin, editor of the *Free-man's Journal*.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The interesting communication of Professor Rafinesque, will be published in our next number. Of the articles which he has submitted to our choice, we would at present prefer receiving that “On the Ancient History of America.”

The Tale of “The Woodlands,” and the continuation of the “Remarks on Adam Smith’s Theory of Moral Sentiments,” will appear in our next. We shall also endeavour to make room for the communication relative to the new translation of “The Henriade.”

The article entitled “Voyages on Wings,” is too long. Some parts of it are well written, and the whole displays much research and a thorough knowledge of the subject. As we are desirous to retain its author on the list of our correspondents, we could wish him to condense it, so as to bring it within the bounds of ten or twelve pages. This would not only render it more convenient for our work, but, we are persuaded, would be a great improvement to the piece itself. The manuscript shall be left any where in the city, that the author may direct.

The verses addressed “To the Novice of the Convent of THE VISITATION,” shall be published; and perhaps we may also find room for the Dramatic sketch of “The Poor Student,” in our ensuing number.

In our February number, a piece appeared on the same subject on which our fair correspondent of Owego has written, which is our only reason for declining to insert her effusion. We hope, however, as she manifests a talent for poetry, that she will keep us in view, and we doubt not, that we shall receive from her pen, what will reflect credit on our pages.

“The Spirit of the Fire,” and “The Persian Exile’s Lament.” will appear without delay.

The wishes of Orion shall be acceded to. One, or perhaps both of his pieces, shall appear in the next number.

The communications of Cornelia arrived after the above notices were in type. They shall receive publicity as soon as we can afford them space.